

# THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

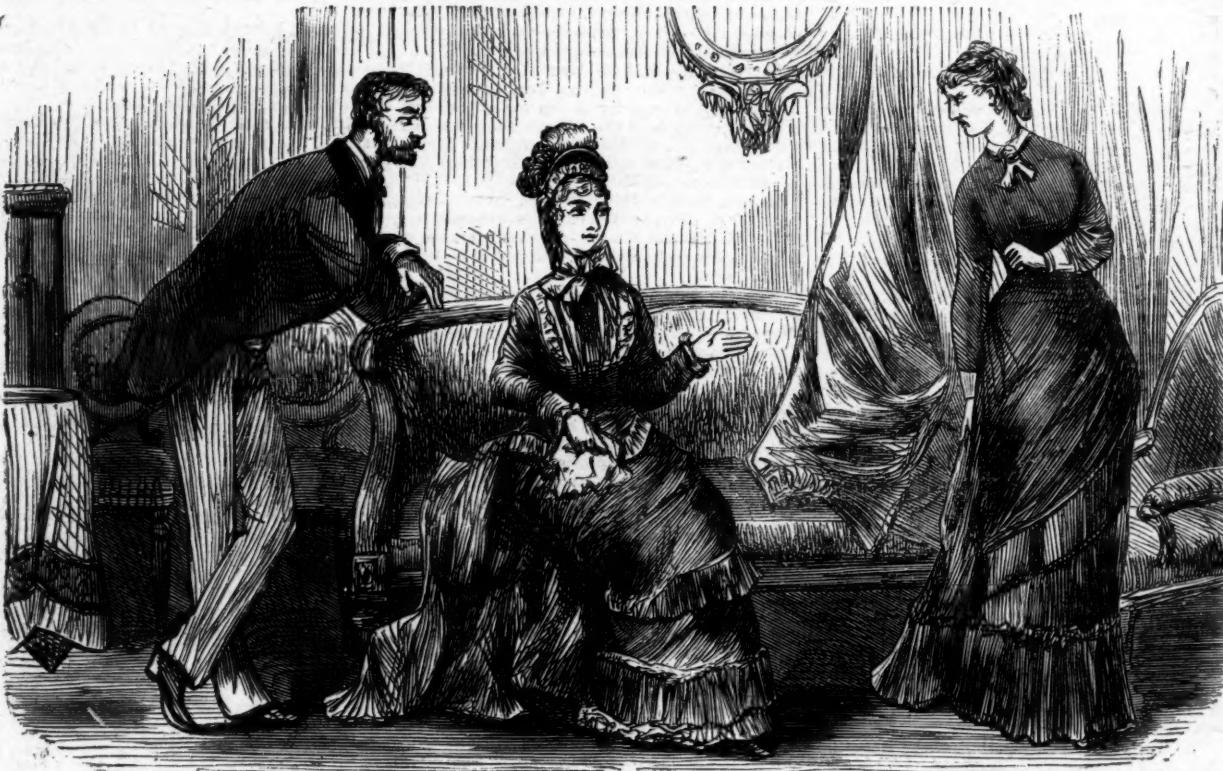
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MISTRESS OF FRIARS COURT.]

## SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

### CHAPTER XI.

I think that love is like a play  
Where tears and smiles are blended,  
Or like a faithless April day,  
Whose shine with showers is ended.

PATIENT and persevering as Arch Saltoun is in his suit, he cannot help feeling that the sweet woman he has won for his wife would be offering him a fairer prospect of happiness if only she could bring herself to study his wishes a little more, and not be so apparently regardless of everything in the world but her tressusse.

To a certain extent it is gratifying to him as a man to see that Gladys is bent upon decking her beauty in the most becoming guise that can be devised by the most subtly skilful Parisian taste.

At the same time Gladys finds it necessary to "run over to Paris to see how things are going on" far too often for his peace of mind. That she returns from each of these "runs," which he regards as so many works of supererogation, looking as if the sight and consideration of her gorgeous toilettes had been very fatiguing and agonising to her, is a perplexing and harassing thing to Arch.

But he loves her too warmly, and trusts her too entirely, to animadvert or to attempt to put

any check upon her goings and comings. She has given him her promise, and he being incapable himself of breaking the lightest word of promise he has ever uttered either to the ear or the heart, is obliged to content himself with the reflection that she has declared herself willing to come into her kingdom at Friars Court some time during the month of April, and as a pledge of her faith she has sent on as hostages the slippery, wicked-eyed ponies, the big, frowning-browed dog, and Steel Grey, for whom a long rest is needful in consequence of that strained pastern.

Britton remains of course with her mistress still, and still in answer to all Mrs. Dumorest's guarded and anxious inquiries, not another human waif and stray from the unknown ocean of Mrs. Cardigan's former life ever floats to the surface.

That this is the case does not seem to affect Arch very much. To him "she" is still so much that she shines down any anxiety he might otherwise perchance feel on account of her family.

Why should he question it when she is such a perfect product of it? Her variable grace and charm can, he feels, only have been derived from a long line of graceful, charming, and therefore high-born ancestors? Why should he worry himself about her immediate antecedents? Why should he drag to the surface any fact which she may desire to keep beneath it?

Accordingly in answer to his sister's suggestions and surmises on the subject, he tells her truly that he cares to hear no more than Gladys likes to tell him, and that he has neither sympathy nor toleration for the wild desire

which animates other people to know more about the lady who is to be his wife than he knows himself. Nevertheless reiteration is a mighty power, and a week before his marriage day arrives Arch breaks the charmed spell which Mrs. Cardigan has woven about the subject of her family, and asks her if she does not wish to have any members of it present at her wedding.

They are driving into the grounds of Friars Court as he asks her this.

Gladys has come over to see if some alterations which on a former visit she suggested should be made (greatly to Mrs. Dumorest's indignation) have been carried out entirely to her satisfaction.

She looks at the grand pile rising before her, of which she is so soon to be the mistress; she looks round at the widely-spreading park lands, she thinks of the place and position, of the absolute security and luxury of the life that will be hers at Mrs. Saltoun, and she bravely enough resolves rather to risk losing it all than to break down the barrier of silence which, for reasons known only to herself, she has maintained about her family.

"They were regardless of me through years of adversity; they never forgave my marriage with Captain Cardigan; and now in my prosperity I don't feel inclined to bury the hatchet, and seek them. We have lived without each other for so long that I am well inclined to go on living so to the end."

Her own ponies and Victoria have been sent to meet her at the station, and she is driving them herself.

As she brings her speech to a conclusion she urges the highly-fed, vicious little pair on at a

reckless pace, and for a few minutes Arch is silenced by the fear he has that she, not knowing the road well, may come to pitiful disaster at a certain sharp turn which is not far ahead of them.

But Gladys, for all her apparent recklessness, has her little steeds well in hand, and presently their sobered pace enables him to resume the subject.

"I don't wish you to resume friendly relations with them against your will and judgment, darling," he says, tenderly; "but I think family feuds, or feuds of any kind, are rather the reverse of ennobling things. Life is too short to quarrel—"

"And far too short to waste any of it in making quarrels up," Gladys interrupt impatiently. "Come, Arch, confess that you are only your sister's mouthpiece in this matter? You want to know, or rather she wants to know, what place I hold in the world before I became Mrs. Cardigan. Well, this much I'll tell you. My father is—"

She pauses, reflects for a moment, and then goes on more slowly:

"A gentleman, very poor, but a gentleman, be assured of that. We date from the eleventh century, but still we have never been famous nor infamous enough to make it worth my while to disinter the recollections of my name and race for your benefit!"

"It is not for myself," he says happily, in his absolute confidence in her, "but for the sake of the children that may be ours, Gladys. They must know their mother's birth-name."

"It was Jones," she says, shortly, "Gladys Jones! There, Arch, I hope that will suffice you, and that you will never force me to utter the hateful name again!"

She looks so radiant, pretty, graceful, and high-bred as she speaks, that Arch can only lend himself to her whim, and promises to make her will his pleasure in this as in most other matters.

"Small wonder," he feels, "that a woman who looks as if the proudest name in the land must be hers, should not be anxious to proclaim the rather plain and obscure one to which she was born."

So Gladys carries her point, but she makes up her mind to cause Mrs. Dumorest (who is here to do the honours) pangs for having given her (Gladys) occasion to defend it.

Gladys, her bonnie grey mare, her majestic-looking dog, and her pair of tiny thoroughbreds, have already established a sort of poetic and picturesque ascendancy over the minds of the Friars Court household.

From Mrs. Dumorest's maid they have gathered that a certain halo of mystery, if not of obscurity, is around the lady whom their master delighteth to honour.

And they being won by that foreign air of frankness and freedom of hers which makes her treat them as if they were her fellow-creatures and not mere automaton, or something only a grade higher than the beasts that perish, are disposed to take sides at once with the bright newcomer against the rather frigid and unsympathetic daughter of the house.

They even give in their adhesion to the alterations she has planned, though the head gardener has some secret qualms when he hears that she has ordained that an army of peacocks are to bivouac on the terraces, and that a pack of greyhounds are to dispute possession of the ground with the peacocks.

"It's a shameful waste of magnificent material," she argues, "to have such terraces as these without peacocks and greyhounds. I like congruity."

"Greyhounds are nasty, treacherous dogs, and peacocks are nasty, noisy, dirty birds!" Mrs. Dumorest says, unable to resist the fascination of opposing whatever seems to be the heart's desire of Mrs. Cardigan.

"Maybe so," Gladys says, snauvely, smilingly. "Nevertheless I mean to have them, because they're in harmony and keeping with terraces and flights of stairs, and big marble vases."

"I shall really be half afraid to let Archie and little Florry at large among such dangerous

birds and beasts," Mrs. Dumorest says, trying an appealing glance at her brother, and gulping down her indignation as well as she can.

Mrs. Cardigan intercepts the appealing glance, and replies to it.

"Poor little children," she says, with that magic assumption of meaning what she says which is one of her chief charms; "it would be too hard indeed on them to curtail one of their pleasures when they come to see their uncle and aunt in the country, so during their brief autumnal visit the peacocks and the greyhounds shall be shut up, I promise you."

She does not wait to hear Mrs. Dumorest's answer, but when she has finished speaking walks away to look for a site for a new hot-house as coolly as if she did not know that her words have placed Mrs. Dumorest on a family and social gridiron over the hottest flames that her own anger can kindle.

It is a terrible thing to Mrs. Dumorest to hear her children spoken of as persons who are to be tolerated in the home of their ancestors for a brief period only with due regularity each year.

How can this interloper, this woman who is coming in among them without any name save that of a supposititious husband, dare to do it? Florence Dumorest asks herself this question, as Mrs. Cardigan goes off to develop the hot-house, unvarying leaving Arch alone with his sister.

In a moment that sister has him unawares.

"Arch," she begins, fastening her hands round his arm, and leading him sorely against his will in the opposite direction to that which Mrs. Cardigan has taken, "I am here at some sacrifice of my own comfort and Clements, as you know, for the sake of receiving your affianced wife decently and in order, and in return for this concession on my part she is making me as uncomfortable as possible."

"I do wish that Gladys and you could manage to agree, or agree to differ," he almost groans. "What has she done now to offend you?"

"You needn't take that irritible tone with me because I remember that I am your sister, and try to make you remember that you are my brother."

"Upon my word, Flo, I am not irritible, but just you see how it is with me, and then tell me how can I be other than annoyed. Gladys is as dear as my honour, and far dearer than my life to me; why do you put yourself in opposition to her? Why do you try to make me think her less perfect than she is?"

"Because she will break your heart, and blight your career, and blast your name," his sister sobs out, tearlessly.

"Let her do all three, and by Heaven I'll love her still," he says, in a low, growling tone that Florence has never heard from him before.

Then Gladys rejoins them with the glad news that the gardener has adopted her views, and come to the conclusion that some plan which is in direct opposition to all horticultural art and science shall be carried out in the new hot-house.

Brief reference is made at dinner this day to Gladys' experience of Dublin society, and Mrs. Dumorest ventures on the leading question.

"Did you happen to hear of a duel that took place between two of the young attachés just about that time, on account of a—a married woman?"

"I heard something about it, as I happened to be the woman," Gladys says, in her most silvery calm accents. "I never made any inquiries, or mixed myself up in the affair at all, for Captain Cardigan was very particular, and I am very averse to trouble."

"Most unfortunately for you—for us all—Lady Fitzslater's companion, Miss Classon, who was spending the evening with me, knows the whole story well," Mrs. Dumorest says, shivering.

"Classon, Classon," Gladys says, meditatively. "Ah, yes, I remember. A man called Classon kept a very fair glass and china shop in—

Street while I was there, and as I dealt with him, probably he was on friendly terms with my

servants. I'll ask my maid, Britton, if this Classon is an acquaintance of hers; these people all get to know each other if their masters and mistresses are quartered in the same clique. I've no doubt this person who is in Lady Fitzslater's service is the daughter of my glass and china shop."

Gladys says it as unconcernedly as if she did not know right well that every word she utters is a dagger-thrust into Mrs. Dumorest's heart.

In truth, it is not pleasant to the daughter of the house of Saltoun to hear it quietly assumed that she has been having to spend the evening with her a person who is presumed to be a friend of Mrs. Cardigan's maid.

But Arch is rather glad. Generous-hearted as he is, fond of his sister as he is, he does like to see whatever looks like envy, hiss, malice, and all uncharitableness get a fall.

"Now you see how it is, Flo," he says. "You've been geesipping with that wretched old dame out of Lady Fitz's, and it's brought home to you that she's tradesman's daughter, and a friend of Gladys' maid."

"I really don't see that it has been 'brought home' at all," Mrs. Dumorest says, sharply. "I'm sorry to say Mrs. Cardigan has conveyed the most unpleasant impression she can to your mind and my own, but my reason tells me that the impression may be false."

"As unpleasant as most of the people I have been meeting recently, and as false as the rest," Gladys laughs.

"You do not stay to pick your words when you are annoyed," Mrs. Dumorest says, casting diplomacy aside.

"My words are true, and are good Saxon English at the same time," Gladys rejoins, "and that is more than can be said of the words of the great majority in your all glorious sphere."

After this the ladies spent a pleasant evening in the drawing-room together, Gladys with notebook in hand writing down her own suggestions as to the furnishing of the apartment, and Mrs. Dumorest, with claws out, watching the bold invader.

## CHAPTER XII.

How I have loved thee! Thou hast been  
My hope, my mistress, and my queen;  
I always found thee kind, and thou  
Hast never seen me weep—till now.

"It's a death-blow," Mrs. Dumorest says to each individual member of her acquaintance in reference to her brother's marriage, after this last visit of Gladys to Friars Court. "A death-blow to me, I assure you, and something tells me that there is much worse to follow; there is no end to her vagaries, no possibility of calculating her caprices; she insists now upon being married at Torquay, and before the wedding-day arrives I shall not be surprised if she further insists upon being married at a registry office, or something disgracefully low of the kind."

Naturally to these hearty, hopeful and cheering prognostications of the sister, the friends reply in proper form.

To her face they agree with her that it is a death-blow, and then straightway go away and laugh at her for making an assertion that is contradicted by her appearance of excellent health.

Residents in the neighbourhood of Friars Court, with a view to the future, avow to one another that "on the whole they think it shows a nice unostentatious spirit on Mrs. Cardigan's part that she prefers a quiet wedding in Torquay to a show one at St. George's, Hanover Square."

Old friends of the Saltouns declare that "Florence always was domineering and masterful, and ridiculously afraid of her brother looking at any young girl," and those who have no marriageable daughters of their own are well pleased that a judgment should come upon her in this union of his with a daughter of Heth.

But old Lady Fitzslater, who has a marriageable daughter, and who has long panted to assume the vicarious rule which such a mother-

in-law as she is sure to make could have at Friars Court, old Lady Fitzslater is one with Florence in her wrath at things as they are, and in her deprecatory forebodings about things to be.

That duel fought in Dublin on Mrs. Cardigan's account fades away into nothingness in comparison with the dreadful and detestable deeds which they surmise into substantiality, and accredit her either with having done, or having caused to be done.

Miss Clason is given a holiday, and sent over to her Dublin relatives in order that she may obtain any stray scraps of information which may be turned to the good account of alarming Arch Saltoun out of his engagement.

"I suppose," Lady Fitzslater says to the anxious sister, "that if anything very disgraceful came out, as no doubt it will, he would break off the marriage even if he were at the rails of the altar?" and Florence, who is by no means confident of this, replies:

"I don't know about that; she has him so firmly in her grasp that nothing can release him I fear. I should have pitied my brother if I had seen him the slave of a good woman to this extent, but when I see him the slave of such a one as this, I can only despise him."

"He might be her slave to any extent if only he didn't marry her," the elder moralist says, philosophically. "However, I won't leave a stone unturned, I promise you, and I feel it that either before or after her marriage I shall find out something that will throw her from her place."

"After her marriage she will be one of us," Florence rejoins. "Whatever you do must be done before or not at all."

"Not at all" would be preposterous now that I have moved in the matter at all," Lady Fitzslater says, with an air of importance that would lead the uninitiated to suppose that she had the whole secret inquiry and detective force in her employ about the affair.

However, in spite of all these adverse influences, nothing transpires to mar Arch Saltoun's felicity.

Gladys has stipulated for a very quiet wedding, and has made Arch limit his invitations to his sister and her brother. On Gladys' side there is Miss Gascoigne.

"Anything more disgraceful than a hole-and-corner wedding of the kind has never been known in the annals of our family," Mrs. Dumorest says, with righteous indignation, to her husband, as she comes down dressed for the adornment of the sacrifice that is about to be made of her brother.

"Looks rather dark," Clement Dumorest, who does not care very much about it either one way or the other, rejoins; "but all women have their fads, and I don't see why you should worry yourself about this one of hers."

"A 'fad' that may entail very unpleasant consequences upon Arch. Don't you think that all the people about Friars' Court will be commenting upon it. I dread seeing the announcement in to-morrow's 'Times,' for I know what will be said and suspected."

"I think you distress yourself unnecessarily," Clement says, unconcernedly. "Things are rarely half as bad as they seem."

That she is doing this latter thing as far as the "Times" is concerned is brought home to Florence presently when she meets her brother.

"I have just been cancelling the announcement of the marriage in the local papers," he says to her, "and Gladys won't have it in the 'Times' either. She has just sent down to tell me so."

"Not announce the marriage in the 'Times'?"

Mrs. Dumorest sits down stunned by this last blow.

After this there is absolutely no hope, and her cup is indeed full.

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Gladys! In spite of all the direful suspicions about career and character, and all the dreadful calamities as to her temper and temperament which are disturbing Mrs. Dumorest's mind, she

is obliged to confess that Gladys makes a most bewitchingly-beautiful bride.

For the first time in their acquaintance she betrays something like nervousness and hesitation, and Britton is observed to regard her mistress with a wistful anxiety that is almost agonising.

The solemn, binding words are soon spoken, the sacred blessing of the church is bestowed upon their union, and Arch and Gladys Saltoun come out into the bright, tearful smiling April weather man and wife.

As the little cortège comes out Lady Fitzslater and Miss Clason are passing in the little holland-lined niche which Lady Fitzslater chats daily.

Her malignant-minded, wizened-faced old ladyship leans forward eagerly, and scans every member of the little procession, as if she hoped to see depicted on their faces confirmation strong of her own worst doubts of the heroine of the hour.

"By to-morrow morning's post all her set in Somersetshire will know that Arch's bride was accompanied to the altar by an actress and a waiting maid, and that something mysterious deterred him from asking any one of his own friends but his sister and brother-in-law," Florence groans in spirit, as she catches sight of the old social malaria who is passing.

And now that it is too late she regrets that she should have given passive assistance to that effort Lady Fitzslater is making to prove that this new member of the house of Saltoun is not founded upon a rock.

It is not needful to follow the happy pair upon their wedding tour.

A stronger interest is centered now in that "neighbourhood" which spends the Saltouns honeymoon in preparing itself for their reception.

Friars Court is the grandest place in this section of the county, but a greater county potentate than Arch Saltoun resides in a huge, square, rather rigid white stone mansion in the adjoining parish.

He is known and "revered," he believes, all over the county on account of that long, finely-drawn out pedigree of his in which a bar sinister can be placed at the beginning.

But such a bar-sinister. "A king's bastard is a house's pride," and the beauty who won the favour of her sovereign—in the days when open derelictions from the path of virtue on the part of those in high places were regarded rather more leniently than they are now, turned that favour to good account.

She put vast sums of money in her purse, for the Royal White Rose of York was as lavish with his lucre as with his love.

She had herself and her son ennobled, and secured an entail through the female line, should male issue ever fail, for the Earldom of Ellerdale.

Altogether she conducted herself with such admirable zeal and discretion that her descendants up to the present day have every reason to rise up and call her blessed.

The present Earl of Ellerdale is at this time about forty, and in appearance he is well worthy of being a descendant of the splendid monarch, and the beautiful favourite who founded the house.

A tall, magnificently-made, heroic-looking man, with the rich golden hair, fair florid complexion, and large, steady, well-opened blue eyes of his race.

A man who, after being aimed at by every high-born beauty and heiress in the kingdom, fell to the bow and spear of a plain, gentle, retiring, insignificant-looking lady, who brought him nothing but a loving heart, a forbearing disposition, and an unlimited faith in the magnificent tiger whom she imagines she has tamed.

In days gone by his heart may have been every woman's toy, and every passing beauty may have bound his fickle fancy for a moment in her frail chains.

But time was, time is! and Lady Ellerdale nourishes the belief that this splendid hawk, who has soared after, and struck at, everything

that seemed fair game to him (and every "fair" object seemed that), is chained contentedly for ever to her weak, bony little wrist.

If it were otherwise, indeed, would he remain so contentedly for many months of the year down at Dalesmeet, where the neighbourhood is not too thickly populated with his peers, and where, though he is monarch of all he surveys, and his will there is none to dispute, life flows rather sluggishly at times?

For the painful fact must be told. Lord Ellerdale lacks the distinguishing characteristics of an English gentleman.

He is not a keen sportsman. On the contrary, it has been whispered that if he dared to defy public opinion he would be a *volupcide*.

He rides handsome weight-carriers majestically about the place, in a large, royal, Peter Paul Rubens' style, but he has never been seen sailing across country, or doing the honours of a hunt-breakfast in that superb dining-salon wherein are given the grandest dinners in the county.

Yet, though no love of sport chains him to this pleasant home of his, Lord Ellerdale stays on willingly enough at Dalesmeet, and rather seems to think it a matter of regret than otherwise when his parliamentary duties drag him up to town.

He is not a London man. The clubs delight him not, for it is his conviction that he is so much above the herd who congregate there, that he never can be one of them.

Truth to tell, in common with water and other weak things, he finds his level too much in that wonderful leveling machine, that indescribable *olla podrida* called London Society.

Her ladyship thoroughly coincides with his views in this respect.

She is comfortable in Lewton, and that is all she can bring herself to confess that she is.

She is just "comfortable" in London, in the stately, seldom-used family mansion in Portman Square.

But to dress and dine with, and give dinners to people daily who look upon her as an outsider and open their eyes in surprise when she pleads guilty to not understanding some highly-flavoured allusion to some indiscretion which it is all the more delightful to discuss, because it has been committed by someone on whom a "fierce light" is shed—all this is wearisome and displeasing to her.

Nor is she very much better satisfied with her position up in an old draughty castle that is perched on a cliff on the North Coast of Scotland, in such a way as to catch every wind that blows—and the winds blow as if they were charged with pulverised flints in this region.

Her real happiness is found down in that Somersetshire paradise, where the valleys meet between the hills, where the poor of the parish lying outside the park walls worship her as if she were our Lady from Heaven when she takes her walks abroad, and where she knows every minute of her life that she is beloved and of use.

Dalesmeet is her proper sphere. Dalesmeet supplies her husband and herself with every element of happiness and pleasure that their hearts covet, and within its borders they live an enchanted life of peace and comfort, entire content, and unvarying luxury.

(To be continued.)

**THE SECRETARY OF STATE** has officially approved of the insertion in the Book of Common Prayer in India of the title "Empress of this Land" in places where the name of Her Majesty the Queen occurs.

**A VENERABLE PONY.**—There died recently at the farm of Yondertown, in the neighbourhood of Banff, a pony which had nearly completed its 33rd year. The animal, which was bred at Yondertown, by the late W. Barclay, was a piebald, and was in its day a very beautiful creature. It was exhibited in the extra class at the shew of the Highland Society at Aberdeen in 1847, when it was awarded the silver medal.

## DANGER TO TREES IN STREETS.

A STATEMENT was made a short time ago to the effect that several gentlemen had offered to subscribe considerable amounts for the purpose of having the Pentonville and Euston Roads planted with trees. Highly laudable as such a display of public spirit may be, as tending to change for the better the generally dreary aspect of London streets, if the example thus set were extensively followed throughout the metropolis, it is to be feared that a great part of the funds and trouble expended would be wasted.

A significant case has come under our notice. Visitors to Cologne will remember the numerous handsome elm-trees growing round that city and on its glaciis. It is reported that a number of them, near the Harbour, as well as those between the Gereonsthör and the crossing over the railway on the road to the gasworks at Ehrenfeld, have died off. It was at first supposed that the cause of their "drying up" was the Eccepto gaster, a species of bark-beetle somewhat less dangerous than the destructive Hy-lurgus, *Bostrychus*, or *Strangalia*.

Now, however, that the trees in question have been felled, and their roots and the soil from which the latter drew their nourishment have been examined, there is no longer the slightest doubt that the vicinity of gas-pipes is the sole cause of their decay. It has been denied that gas-pipes laid close to trees could injure them. It has been argued (for instance, in Berlin) that though coal-tar is injurious, gas is not. But gas cannot be made without the admixture of coal-tar, and some trace of the latter always remains with the gas, notwithstanding the care of gas-manufacturers to remove it.

Anyone who will take the trouble of looking on while old gas-pipes are being removed will notice the soil round them to be a bluish-black colour—an effect of the coal-tar which has combined with the soil, testifying to its presence only too plainly by its smell. The pipes may be laid so low as to avoid their being affected—i.e., contracted or expanded—by changes of temperature, and prevent their joints ceasing to be air-tight; but for all the care taken in laying them down, they would still not remain so.

"Of course, we know that the iron pipes do not permit coal-tar to precipitate in drops, but they allow of the escape of gas, because iron is porous; and gas contains coal-tar. But if this escape takes place in new gas-pipes, which are now all cast vertically, it must happen in a still greater degree in old ones, which were unfortunately cast in a horizontal position, and which are in consequence of uneven thickness and more uneven density.

In the case at Cologne, the gas-pipes are laid very close to the trees in question. In digging out the decayed trees, it appeared that the tar contained in gas, in the course of time, had penetrated the soil, and coloured it bluish black. The subterranean roots of course grew into this soil, and were killed. The larger roots growing downwards, and others reaching some distance, were insufficient to supply the required nourishment to the tree, in consequence of which it gradually died off.

The roots, on being examined, showed at a glance whether they had remained on healthy soil or had come in contact with coal-tar. The former, both outside and inside, are of a brown colour, and are easily broken. The latter betray by their smell the presence of tar, and exhibit the bluish black colour not only in their bark, but also in their woody fibres.

The above facts demonstrate that a tree has to be protected not only against vermin, but also against surroundings which would be injurious to the vital juices that circulate in it.

A SUM of 100,000 francs has been voted to repair and decorate the buffet of the Grand Opera (Paris), which at present is an eyesore in this magnificent building.

## PAINTING.

A FLORIST will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favourite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and your paint is poisonous. Just so mere external accomplishments, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, infuses the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower it must die.

And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul as paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to the plant, whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere, during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment.

Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession and development from the beginning. If the sun can never be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation.

So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character and life in education, is a process of the absorbing and development of truth, and is not mere painting.

## MY BONNIE NELL.

Mr bonnie Nell, come near and tell  
What makes thy look so sad;  
You used to be so gay and free,  
And always bright and glad.  
But on the face I now can trace  
A grief that you must tell;  
Will you confess, or must I guess,  
What ails my little Nell?

'Twas at this seat, we chanced to meet,  
And joy 'tis to recall  
That evening's shade, when, pretty maid,  
I deep in love did fall.  
It was too true, I then loved you,  
But, ah, I mustn't tell;  
And yet I feel I can't conceal  
It from thee, bonnie Nell.

Can you not hear, the streamlet clear,  
How sweet its murmuring lay;  
And from yon tree, the melody  
That comes so soft away?  
All nature seems to glow with themes,  
That future joys foretell;  
So now be gay, and say not nay,  
But ever be, my bonnie Nell.

S. B. N.

## PUNCTUALITY.

PUNCTUALITY is the soul of business, and yet it is astonishing how many people are unpunctual. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes its victim is soon involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession nor station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

## A SCOLD.

NEVER scold if you can avoid it, for scolding is a very unpleasant habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both body and mind. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and

everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit.

Persons who get once in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live constantly within the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and health in general, and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible and their sensitiveness more easily wounded.

## A LOFTY SHEEP PASTURE.

PROBABLY the largest and highest rock in the known world is the South Dome of the Yosemite. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits, who had repeatedly endeavoured to scale it. The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after hundreds of pounds were spent, several persons found their way to the top of the dome, and this summer two sheep were discovered browsing on the hitherto inaccessible peak.

## MILK AN ABSORBER OF ATMOSPHERIC IMPURITIES.

WE have heard a great deal of late about different cases of fever having been caused by milk from infected districts, but really do not think that the majority of English people know how great an absorber milk is of all atmospheric impurities. It is the custom in some parts of Australia to place a saucer full of milk in the meat larder in order to preserve game and other food from taint, and if there is the slightest impurity in the air the milk becomes in a few hours so bad that no animal will touch it, but the food escapes.

A farmer's wife once said to me when occupying rooms in her house:

"My daughter is so careless, she will hang meat up in the dairy, and the meat turns all the milk."

I did not know at the time that milk absorbed all atmospheric impurities, but I could not quite understand why quite fresh meat should "turn milk," as she put it. Meat was no longer kept in the dairy, still the milk was not sweet, and not long after it was found that there was a foul drain near the dairy, the impurities of which the milk had doubtless taken up.

Another lady farmer told me that the best place she had in the house for keeping meat was the dairy. She often hung a saddle of mutton there for three weeks, and it was quite fresh, though of course tender, at the expiration of that time.

Of course, the milk in the dairy absorbed air that would otherwise have tainted the mutton, and I should advise people who now wash game, when high, in charcoal and water, or vinegar and water, to try milk.

H.

A SCHOOLGIRL, having declared in her graduation essay last fall that she intended to earn her own living, and this statement having been copied into the local paper containing an account of the graduation exercises in question, was recently married to an Aberdeen merchant. He had seen the paper referred to, sought out the author of the essay, and persuaded her to let him earn a living for both. Who can estimate the influence this fact will have on the tone of graduation essays this year?



[A STARTLING APPARITION.]

## THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

### CHAPTER I.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.  
RICHARD III.

THE mansion of Norman Chase was a structure of the true English type, feudal in outline, filled in with Saxon varieties and modern suggestions of comfort.

Vast in size and commanding in position, it occupied the centre of an ancient park, to which, as a hunting-ground, the title of Chase, very familiar in the days of our earlier hawking, deer-driving kings, had been given, and though a part of this extensive woodland had been modernised into ornamental plantations and gardens, the rest, pierced by broad, dark alleys and avenues, seemed to be brooded over by a perpetual gloom.

The more ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood avoided the very walls, high and moss-grown, of this demesne, though nothing worse had ever been known of its shadowy recesses than conflicts, more or less violent, between gamekeepers and poachers.

However, it was principally the dreariness of the old house that seemed to infest the forest with its spirit, for Norman Chase had not been tenanted, except by a few almost hereditary servants, during the last thirty years, and the aspects of dilapidation were everywhere visible from floor to roof.

It had never been a show-place, like Battle Abbey or Penshurst, and few of the living generation could have told anything of the interior, unless that it was splendid, spacious, and dismal, with labyrinths of corridors and chambers, a picture-gallery, wherein a hundred genealogical

portraits frowned from dusty canvas, and an armoury so silent that, even if the phantoms of the forgotten knights had walked, they must have been heard.

Yet Norman Chase was not celebrated on account of any particular tragedy, nor was there so much as the tradition of a White Lady on the lily-spangled lake, or a ghost in the Tapestry Chamber.

It was simply a huge, dull, deserted edifice, in which two antique retainers grew older and older together, with three or four maids who had hardly a duty to do among them, a fat groom to look after vacant stables, and a boy who regularly carried the post-bag every morning to the village, and as regularly brought it back empty.

But there came a day when a letter did arrive at Norman Chase, the contents of which considerably excited its denizens.

It was dated from India, signed "Norman Hedley," and addressed to a steward, or bailiff, of the estate, who had been, these ten years, dead.

The baronet was coming home; he desired the Chase to be thoroughly prepared for his reception; he should bring with him from Germany, where her education had been completed, his only daughter, and he should also be accompanied, besides a confidential servant, by a friend—Mr. Henry Mainwaring.

Nearly at the same time with this important missive, however, arrived another novelty—a visitor, Mr. Tyndall Thorpe, of Baronbury, senior of the highly-respectable firm of Thorpe, Scovell, and Fisher, Solicitors, Baronbury, Weevil by name, who on the strength of his connection with that eminent partnership, assumed a tone as if knowing more than he meant to tell.

"Is't the old man or his son coming home?" asked John Green, the landlord of the "Norman Arms," whose imagination had been strongly working upon the possible advantages to Chasefield village, and one distinguished householder in it particularly, by the return of the great family to "up yon."

"There's something in it," persisted Farmer Chatfield.

"And what should be wrong in a man's coming back to his own, and bringing his family and friends with him," put in the little agent of the great firm of Thorpe, Scovell, and Fisher, Solicitors, Baronbury, Weevil by name, who on the strength of his connection with that eminent partnership, assumed a tone as if knowing more than he meant to tell.

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"There's something in it," persisted Farmer Chatfield.

"Of course there is—in everything," retaliated the legal agent.

And thus the outside world which had its centre at Norman Chase speculated and bickered,

gossipped and blundered, guessed and were wrong, about the re-peopling of the ancient manor which had been left so long to solitude and vacancy.

The servants, old and new, at the Chase were not behindhand in their free-and-easy speculations upon the expected strangers.

"Sir Norman's bound to be an old fellow, and as yellow as a guinea," remarked the new footman, from London.

"And Miss Hedley, with black hair and the temper of a cat," added the new housemaid, from London also. "I suppose she'll bring her own maid with her!"

And thus the stream of gossipping wonderment ran on unchecked, with little to direct its flow except that an amazing transformation was converting the Chase into an abode mingling its original splendour with all the soft luxury of an age celebrated for fashions of a half foreign character.

And when the architect had concluded his work, and the army of workmen and landscape gardeners had retired, ponderous six-horned waggons, laden with the ornate furniture of the Georgian period, creaked along the highway through Chasefield, and it seemed as though this procession of riches would never end.

With them, moreover, came one of the anticipated strangers—a man-servant, Drake by name, to whom Mr. Thorpe at once surrendered his authority.

Drake was a dark, middle-sized, taciturn man, with eyes that never seemed to look at anything, and a voice which rarely rose above a whisper.

He appeared to be invested with absolute power over everybody and everything, and to command an inexhaustible purse.

Under his direction, fresh mirrors adorned the walls; carpets of the richest tissue, but in perfect taste, covered the floors; the armoury and the picture-gallery were untouched except to remove the dust of time.

The antique oak and ebony carvings were studiously respected, and the great mansion, while no longer sombre, was still as much in keeping with itself as though it had been a Venetian palace.

Either the instructions of Matthew Drake were singularly complete or he was an artist by nature.

But of his master or of his young mistress—they guessed her to be young from the fact of her being fetched away from school—he spoke no word.

"You'll see them when they come," he said.

On no point would he satisfy them—not even with respect to Miss Hedley's Christian name, a reticence which provoked, at the fireside of the "Norman Arms," the highly-sarcastic innuendo:

"Perhaps she's not got one. Them old Indians is as often heathens as not, and their daughters no better."

Inside that talkative hostelry, it need scarcely be observed, Matthew Drake never set his foot, so that mine host had no opportunity of pumping him with respect to the state of the cellars at the Chase—cellars which were reputed to contain such a treasure of rare and ripened wines as could not be equalled in any palace of Europe.

So that the whole neighbourhood—man, woman, and child—parson, lawyer, landlord, the smith at his forge, the shepherd in the field, the genteel congregation of St. Baronbury, of Baronbury Town, and the less genteel, though perhaps more earnest flock of Little Salem, in Chasefield, talked, disputed, pondered, and even dreamed, almost, as if a new life was about to begin for them all, and that, whether darker or brighter than the old one, its lights or shadows would be reflected from the returned family at Norman Chase.

As days went on without a sign—not even a letter for that poverty-stricken post-bag, which was still daily carried to and fro—the popular impatience amounted nearly to rancour.

Matthew Drake alone remained impulsive, associating with none of his fellows, inspecting the entire mansion regularly every morning, issuing orders in the tone of a master—orders which were implicitly obeyed, though they

sounded very bitter in the ears of the ancient custodians of the Chase—and then shutting himself up in his two far-away rooms, whence he rarely emerged until the next day.

Some said there was a mystery to hide; others that it was the eccentricity of a pompous old millionaire, who had determined beforehand to have nothing to do with his neighbours; and others again that it was all a piece of theatrical affectation.

## CHAPTER II.

*Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.*

All expectancy must, at last, come to an end, and so it was in the village of Chasefield.

A mounted courier, on a blazing autumn morning, drew rein at the "Norman Arms," and asked his way to the Chase.

Instantly, as though some portent had appeared on the horizon, the entire population was out of doors, as though the man in the green and yellow livery had brought news about some glorious triumph of the British arms.

Refreshment was pressed upon him to an extent that might have killed a coal-heaver.

But he simply said "they're coming," and galloped away.

They did come on the very next day, three heavy blue-bodied Berlins, followed by a tower of personal luggage—red-leather portmanteaus principally—some inscribed, on thick brass plates, with the name and title, "Sir Norman Hedley, Bart." others with "Henry Mainwaring, Esq." a few—corded and labelled boxes these—"Miss Evelyn Hedley, nach Emmerich."

But it was not any of this that the people went forth to see.

For them the group of travelling strangers constituted the sole, the absorbing, the almost passionate subjects of interest.

And, as the carriages whirled along without a pause, many were disappointed who had hoped to catch a glimpse of them at the gate of the Norman demesnes.

A considerable number, however, succeeded, and had a glimpse of the grand arrivals, while the monstrous frames of iron, blazoned all over with heraldic symbols, slowly groaned back upon their hinges, as if reluctant to let the new-comers in.

As the result, a general sentiment of surprise ran through the crowd.

There was no guinea-tinted, gout-afflicted, wrinkled and decrepid Nabob, for whom the Pagoda tree of the East had been shedding its golden leaves for many a season, and who had returned to grumble at all around him, to curse his servants, to intrude a blackamoor attendant among them, with an eye like a snake's, and the footsteps of a panther, to drink brandy-pawnee, to complain of the climate and to disinherit all his relatives, by turn, in a fury.

It was a handsome, self-possessed, courtly-looking gentleman, not forty-five years of age, who bowed to the somewhat servile, slightly timorous, plaudits that awaited him.

At his side, looking up into his face with an expression rather than of wonder than of love, sat the "old daughter of his house and home," Evelyn Hedley, not the black-haired, black-eyed, stern and stately princess that had been looked for, but a beautiful girl, in all the first fascinations of her youth, with rich tresses that were golden in one light, and of the dark Venetian tinge in another, fair without being pale, red-lipped, without a trace of coquettishness in her countenance; a brow perfectly pure and calm; a head nobly poised upon a marble neck; eyes which might reflect a shadow or a star in their violet depths as the lights playing upon them, from within or from without, varied, and a smile which, as she acknowledged the welcome of her father and his friend, seemed to imply a mingling of timidity with contempt.

The other personages in the train—which must not be kept halting at the gate—may sit for their portraits presently.

The blue-bodied Berlins swept in procession along the curving avenue and pulled up, with a rattle and a dash, opposite the huge, heavy-browed portico, beneath which Mr. Mathew Drake stood ready with his whispered welcome, as he handed, first his master, then his master's daughter, and, next, his master's friend, from the carriage.

The rest he left to be taken care of by others. They were to rank among the miscellanies of the household, and any attention bestowed by subalterns in the service of Norman Chase were quite good enough for them.

The master of the mansion cast a strange look about him as he first set foot within the immense and melancholy hall, with its clusters of round pillars, which might have been a cloister in the days of Eufus, and he gazed anxiously upon his companion, as they followed the quiet Mr. Drake up the wide stone staircase, now soft with Aubusson, into a chamber the sumptuousness of which appeared absolutely to startle the young girl, who, with a look, as if half of shyness and half of trepidation, still turned her eyes—those deep and tender eyes—upon her father's face.

The third person in this group, the guest, Henry Mainwaring, seemed to have been innumerably forgotten until Mr. Mathew Drake suddenly turned round, and unceremoniously took his arm, saying :

"This must seem all very uncommon to you, sir. We had nothing like it out there, had we? You are tired. Your rooms are ready, and I will show you to them."

Evelyn turned also, and spoke a few words of kindness to her father's guest—a man not older, to all appearance, than the baronet himself; also handsome and of unmistakable high-breding; yet, obviously nervous, diffident, glancing around him incessantly, now as if for help, and now as if questioning some unsettled purpose in his mind. But, in reply to the servant, he simply said :

"Thank you," and, then, to Evelyn, "may I kiss your hand?" in which she acquiesced, feeling a slight sense of relief, it must be owned, when he was guided away, under the guardianship of that invaluable servitor, Mathew Drake.

"My friend," said her father, kissing the fair forehead of his patrician child, "has many singular ways of his own, and would by most persons be called an eccentric; but there is not an inkling of harm or danger in him. You will hear him speak strangely, at times; he has dreams; and moans concerning some fatal passages in his former life, which I know nothing about. So, my sweet girl, do not be made nervous by him, and, above all, pay no attention to his talk, which, harmless though he is, may be rather wild at times. Be kind to him, darling, for my sake. I owe him more than gratitude."

"I will do all you wish, papa," replied Evelyn, "though he does stare at me—so that—that, I wish he wouldn't."

"He'll be calling you his daughter one of these days, I shouldn't wonder, said Sir Norman, with a cynical laugh. "He laid claim to three different young ladies on the way home; so you'll only be the fourth, after all."

"Is he mad, then, papa?"

"Not mad; not exactly mad; but he has had some misfortunes which may have—"

"You are wanted, Sir Hedley," interposed the now somewhat heightened voice of Mr. Mathew Drake, whose countenance was paler than usual, and the baronet, laying his daughter without another word, hastened after the servant—Evelyn, in the meanwhile, wondering what could have induced her father to bring so extraordinary a person with him to remain as a permanent guest at Norman Chase.

Then the young girl fell into a reverie—a reverie at once sweet and sad.

She had begun to suspect the existence of a secret—if not beneath that roof, at least in connection with it; but it was not with the unlifted curtain of this mystery, whatever it might be, that her heart was then perplexed.

For, had she not a secret of her own—never

to be spoken of—scarcely to be dwelt upon—a hope and a fear combined—the joy of a parent found, bringing with it the sorrow of a young life's first, bitter, soul-rending disappointment.

Her father, on the way from the school at Emmerich, were 'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis true, this artful maiden had contrived to weave the woof and web alike of her future, as she thought, though in all innocence and purity, and with a thousand modest reserves on her part, with those of a certain officer in a German regiment, by whom several frank confessions had been honourably made.

His name, he said, was an assumed one; he was wandering under the ban of his family; he was poor, but so was she; and there, at those entertainments which schoolmistresses in Germany give, from time to time, for the amusement of their pupils, and also for the perfecting of them in the conversational use of the German language, it had come to pass, while Evelyn, haughty in nature though she was, imagined herself to have been the daughter of some disgrace, that she and the soldier whom affinity of circumstance seemed to have united in that most pure and powerful of all sympathies called Love, stood pledged, if ever sacred seal was put upon human words to live for one another, or to die faithful, though apart.

And now, this golden wall of wealth had risen between them, because, upon the way home, the baronet had laid bare to his child among a hundred projects for her future exaltation, by which he meant her happiness, his determination that, inheriting a fortune, she should also marry a fortune—that deriving no title from him, she should win one with her husband, and that, to this end, and in order to prevent any silly entanglement between his heiress and "the handsome adventurers without a penny," as he expressed it, "who swarm about every good neighbourhood," he would be as vigilant with his visiting list as the Lord Chamberlain at St. James's Palace.

"I heard," he went on, "of some school-girl nonsense at Emmerich; but my daughter has too much pride in herself, as heiress of the Chase, and, of course, will respect her father's wishes too piously, to think for another moment of a vagrant fellow who, I was told, had been kicked out of his—his family's place."

Never a word did Evelyn utter in reply, until the confession was forced.

"You say nothing," he said, irritably.

"I have nothing to say," she answered, in a voice low yet firm.

"You make me no promise," he went on, angrily enough, this time.

"I have made my promise already," was the answer which came, unfaltering, from her lips.

He remained silent for a moment. Then, as if acting upon some great resolve, he stopped, and whispered in her ear:

"Suppose I tell you that he dare not return to this country?"

### CHAPTER III.

I must not have you henceforth question me.

HENRY IV.

THE days might have been very joyous for Evelyn then, but for this silent secret of her heart, in which none shared, except her father, and even he in only a partial and unsympathetic manner.

Yet for all that, Norman Chase, with its festive assemblages—for the baronet soon surrounded himself with the society he loved best, and which his name and position could command; its hunting parties—though Evelyn never looked on smiling while two score of mad-dened hounds worried one outworn little animal to death; its picnics among the gilded cloisters of the forest, had charms for her naive nature, not to be denied—not to be repelled.

Life at that dull German school had been so monotonous, so friendless, except for those waltz whispers in the hired "Conversation Room" with the lover whom her father forbade, and

with the depressing idea of poverty and loneliness upon her, that the change to a bright home, to luxury, to brilliant companionship, and to all the everyday delights of an unsophisticated young girl whose every wish, as it appeared to her, was anticipated, made up a pleasant picture, even though there was a shadow over the background.

Was it a shadow which now, gazing from her casement, she saw swiftly traversing a patch of moonlight on the lawn, and approaching to near where she stood?

Was it a natural or a fancied sound that rustled among the autumnal leaves?

There was no child-like superstition in the character of Evelyn Hedley.

Decidedly, there was a figure moving between the great clump of cedars and the window, still lighted up of the vast dining-room—banqueting-hall it would have been termed at an earlier date—in which Sir Norman Hedley sat carousing—with his servant!

The figure, beyond all question, was that of no ghost—nothing of the kind, as we have said, was believed in by the commonsense people of Norman Chase; but whose was it, then?

Not that of a burglar; he would not have been peering in—even with an eye to the plate—at such a window, at such an hour.

Not that of a gamekeeper, or of a poacher; for the business of both would have been elsewhere.

An instant more and Evelyn's momentary alarm gave way to curiosity.

This prowler after dark—this seeming eavesdropper, was her father's guest. Mr. Henry Mainwaring, he who had been so ill two hours ago that he could not join the family circle at dinner.

Miss Hedley's thoughts took the same direction as before.

"Mad," she said to herself, and, disinclined to join the party in the drawing-room, disinclined even for the chatter of her own maid, she unbound the twist of pearls that glittered amid the flashes of her hair, which the lamp-light made even more lustrous than did the sun, threw the jewels from her neck and arms, and sat down to meditate once more in front of the wonder-working fire, for a fire is always full of wonders to eyes that look into its depths dimly.

After a time, however, weary of herself, she descended to where her father was still sitting in close and confidential talk with him who was neither bailiff of the estate nor steward of the household, but a kind of quiet oracle, interfering with everyone and everywhere, yet scarcely making his interference felt.

As Evelyn entered the conversation was abruptly dropped, and the young girl felt, rather than acknowledged to herself that half the colloquies of Norman Chase took place in whispers.

"Mainwaring is very gallant, and generous too," said Sir Norman, recovering himself, as it seemed, a little. "See what he has sent you."

It was an Indian jewel of rare workmanship and richness, with a motto in some Eastern character, unintelligible, of course, to Evelyn.

"It is beautiful," she said. "Cannot you read this for me, papa?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Hedley," interrupted Mathew Drake who had risen on her entrance, "it is in a forgotten dialect, which Sir Norman does not understand."

"Cannot you read this for me, papa?" repeated Evelyn, with a glance at the invaluable Mathew which should have sent that gentleman through the floor, though it did not.

"There's a man looking in through the window!" shouted Drake, before another word could be uttered. "Who is he, and what does he want? A thief, or a spy, or what?"

"Why should there be spies in this house?" Evelyn had time to ask, before an alarm brought twenty frightened servants to the room.

"Search the house! search the grounds!" cried Mathew, with a countenance expressive of rather more fear than appeared necessary,

seeing that the solitary intruder, whoever he might be, must, in a moment, if caught, be outmatched and beaten to the earth; but, oddly enough, he was in no hurry to join in the pursuit. In obedience to orders, the people of the mansion spread themselves about, from below to above, around and about, through shrubbery and thicket, down the moonlit alleys of the Chase, with extraordinary heat and haste, yet not a sign of the interloper was to be found.

"It were a ghost," ejaculated one shivering rustic.

"It were Muster Mathew's fancy," said another, somewhat harder-headed.

"It were neither one nor the other," interrupted a third. "It were Muster Mainwaring. I saw him myself; he has been walking thee, and looking about, as if for someit he've lost, this hour—aye, human."

Here was a very simple, a very natural solution, of that little midnight mystery. Sir Norman's guest was addicted to taking the fresh air after dark—a habit which was set down, among many others, to eccentricity. Evelyn alone said nothing.

"Go up, someone," said Sir Norman, annoyed that so easy a suggestion had not already occurred to him, "and see if Mr. Mainwaring is in his room."

Yes, he was, and so profoundly asleep that the servant did not like to disturb him.

Then it must have been a vagabond who had got over the park wall, with an unlawful purpose, and made good his escape during the first flutter of excitement caused by that unwanted apparition at the dining-room window.

So, the incident was pooh-poohed by some, laughed at by others, and only pondered over, in totally different ways, by two—Mathew Drake and Evelyn Hedley.

"This," thought the former, "cannot go on indefinitely. He begins to see his way in the dark. Sir Norman is right; but the affair is more his than mine, for the present, at any rate. And the young lady! She is no school-girl now. And how she treats me! I could—but she is very beautiful."

The soliloquies of Evelyn Hedley are in much the same direction.

"In this house," she reflected, "everybody seems to suspect everybody else. Who is that fellow sitting at the same table as my father? What is he that he should dare to answer questions which are not put to him? And then, my father's guest? Oh! he is mad, beyond a doubt, though I am not half afraid of him."

In proof of which, Miss Evelyn Hedley went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just.

The golden morning found her in that pretty room of her own, draped with rose-tinted silk, a fanciful bower of lace and flowers, sparkling with costly trifles, which her father's liberality and her own nice taste had furnished, and glancing at the toilette-table—not, however, without first exchanging looks with a face, another, yet the same, that looked in loveliness upon her own from the mirror, her eye was attracted by the jewel placed in her hand by her father on the previous night—a double locket of gold, gilded with rubies and opals.

Once more she examined the exquisite, though, to her, unintelligible inscriptions.

Presently she saw the donor, Mr. Mainwaring, on his way towards the clump of cedars. She would ask him what this strange writing meant.

Besides, it was proper to thank the giver of so brilliant a gift.

Hat in hand, therefore, its blue ribands playing in the first soft breeze of the day, and her own floats of gold beaming back the gold of the early sunlight, she approached Mr. Mainwaring with her thanks.

"I am glad it pleases you. Have you read the mottoes?"

"Well," she answered, laughing, "I did not learn quite so much as that at the German school. I want you to read them for me."

"And that," he said, with a smile—a very pleasant, if not a very bright one, "was exactly what I wished. It is rather a solemn riddle, I warn you."

"But it can't be anything about me," she said, "so I'm not frightened."

"You shall judge," he went on, as if jestingly. "Listen to the oracle:

"You have youth—do not let it deceive you; beauty, do not let it betray you; love—be true to it; hope—do not cast it away!"

"Nothing terrible, after all!" was her ejaculation, perhaps as if a little disappointed. "Of course I'm young; there's no harm in that; all people must be young before they're old. Beautiful—well that's a matter of opinion."

"Which you've settled for yourself, child," interrupted her father's guest, laying his hand playfully on the warm-tinted tresses, "such as those which Dian envied—"

"Love? That has nothing to do with me;" but the banks of cloud-roses piled against the Eastern sky were not more beautiful than the blush that would mount into her cheeks and mantle her pure forehead.

"Then, hope. Of course anyone without it must be very unhappy, Mr. Mainwaring. Did you hear, though, about the stranger in the garden last night?"

"Yes, someone mistook him for me," he replied, with so much ease and indifference of manner that Evelyn's soliloquy took another turn.

This man, speaking to her, had not a trace of incoherence, or even peculiarity in his manner. Evidently, however, he had more to say; for, placing her arm within his own, where she allowed it to rest, as a child might have done, he walked a little distance silently.

But he had hinted as a wish, at her questioning him. What had she to ask? Nothing, as it seemed to her.

Mr. Mainwaring broke a silence by which both, it seemed, had begun to feel embarrassed.

There was some purpose in his seeking this conversation, she knew; but what could it be?

There had been, as yet, no confidence between them.

At length he spoke:

"There is to be a ball at the Chase next week, excelling all your father's former hospitalities. Wear at it the locket I gave you. I ask this as a favour."

"Of course," she said, simply, "if you wish me to, I promise. Is there a reason?"

"What reason should there be, child, except that I wish a great honour done to my little gift. Were you long at the Emmerich school?" he asked, abruptly.

"More than seven years."

"And," he went on, this time as if breaking through some heavy restraint, "you made an acquaintance—a friend—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the young girl, all her childishness of manner and confidingness of tone now gone. "Has anyone told you to speak of that—of anything about Emmerich—of me, or of any of my friends? Because if anyone has, let me be spoken to myself. If nobody has, you have no right to do it! I am not your daughter, Mr. Mainwaring!"

Her flushed face and imperious voice disconcerted Mr. Mainwaring, but he continued, as if unmoved, though she had withdrawn herself from his side, and stood, with her eyes alternately cast upon the ground and raised to his, with a throbbing bosom and a faintly-quivering lip:

"You need not be angry. I had something to tell you. But all I will say now is this. He whom you were told dare not return to this country, has returned, is my friend, and—but I will not irritate you again, petulant one. They will be expecting you to breakfast."

And he left her.

With many mingled feelings, Evelyn took her way back to the house.

Who was this man? Why did he affect an interest in her? How had he come to learn of that bygone school-girl adventure which, though it still continued to be her own dream, might, from another memory, have faded away?

Why, again, the secrecy maintained about himself by her German—though German he was not—lover in the Emmerich "Conversation Room?"

How and why had he returned? His true name, to her, at any rate, was known, but what were the relations between him and Mr. Mainwaring, who had left her suddenly, almost angrily, and was now rapidly disappearing down one of the long glades of The Chase?

Above all, why was she to wear the ruby and opal locket, with its perplexing inscriptions, at the forthcoming ball?

It could not matter much, but she had promised, and would certainly wear it.

"Evelyn," said her father, meeting her in the hall, "I ought not to flatter you, my child, but this pure morning air has made a perfect rose of you."

This was so different from the tone of his last speech to her, that her heart melted towards him instantly, and she put up her mouth to be kissed, saying, saucily:

"No, I must not be flattered. I am beautiful enough already in my own eyes, and vainer than that old peacock on the terrace. Yes, in my own eyes—yours too, papa, I hope. I am most charming—in my own eyes, I say, you know."

"Anyone else's?" he asked, playfully drawing his child to his breast with infinite tenderness, but checking himself at the question:

"We shall breakfast together," he went on, and, for the first time during many weeks, this father and daughter sat alone in the cool, cheerful, jasmine-scented room in which all the gloom of Norman Chase appeared to melt away in an atmosphere of gaiety and light.

"I am going to give a grand ball—mind, I mean a very grand ball, next week," he said, "and I want you to look, as you should—the beauty of beauties, and the pearl of taste."

"Of course I will do both, papa," said our diffident Evelyn. "Indeed, how could I help it?" she added, nestling to the heart of this long unknown parent who had won her by his fondness and indulgence in all respects save one.

But even on this point she trusted in his love.

He would give way, when he knew how deeply her happiness was pledged by that little episode at the Emmerich school.

"And," he went on, producing a superb locket of gold, emeralds, and pearls, "I wish particularly that you should wear this on the night of the ball."

(To be Continued.)

#### CHARITY.

Or the virtues which grace the human character, charity, in the simplicity and diversity of its means to elevate, ennoble and lift up to a higher standard of life, far surpasses all others—gleaming forth from the cluster of other virtues, as a diamond among pearls. If we possess it, we should greatly prize it; if we do not have it, we should strive to become possessed of it by cultivating charitable feelings for everyone, however little they may seem to deserve it.

But, alas for charity! how rarely do we see it manifest. How very different this earth would be if we all practised it. Some people excuse their want of charity for others, because, they say, no one has charity for them; while others, who by fortune's favour enjoy all the comforts of this life, make no allowances for the failings or misfortunes of those in less favoured circumstances. And then there are others who are too selfish to think or care for anyone but themselves.

Charity consists of a will to do good, friendly feelings, benevolent impulses and acts, a kind word, a look of sympathy, an out-stretched hand, to clasp that of a distressed brother or sister and raise them up and encourage them to believe that there is something better and brighter for them in the future. In this simple

way many a cloud is lifted from the troubled and depressed, their drooping spirit revived, their hearts made to throb with new hope and their souls imbued with fresh courage, to withstand the trials and hardships of life.

Charity! what a priceless blessing to mankind; how near to heaven!

#### THE OFFICE OF SORROW.

There is something about deep sorrow that tends to wake up the child feeling in all of us. A man of giant intellect becomes like a child when a great grief smites him, or when a grave opens at his fireside. I have seen a stout sailor—who laughed at the tempest—come home when he was sick and let his old mother nurse him as if he were a baby. He was willing to lean on the arms that never failed him. So a Christian in the time of trouble is brought to this child feeling. He wants to lean somewhere, to talk to somebody, to have somebody love him and hold him up. One great purpose in affliction is to bring us down to the everlasting Arms. What new strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! We know that far as we may have sunk we cannot go any further. Faith is just clinging to those arms, and nothing more.

H.

#### IT NEVER COMES.

We never have a to-morrow; it is simply a world of prophecies. It has been said that the two great pleasures of living are in having something to love, and something to hope for, and the last of these is ever before us in the promise of to-morrow." To-morrow we may not know, and it is well that it is thus ordained to be, for beyond the invisible veil that conceals alike its coming joys and sorrows, our fancy may revel only in what is beautiful and fair, nor see the gloom or shadow of coming trials and worldly afflictions, that, could we anticipate as fixed realities that were certain to come, would mar all our peace and enjoyment of the present. It is well for us that we cannot withdraw the veil which hides our future.

#### CLOVER.

CLOVER is called, and properly so, "the sheet-anchor of husbandry." Too much cannot be said in its praise. It is capable of doing more to bring impoverished lands to a high state of cultivation with less expense than any one other agency. And just in proportion as the farmer cultivates this plant will he be relieved from the necessity of purchasing commercial fertilisers to enrich his land. While there is no system of cultivation which will enable the farmer to keep the fertility of his land without resorting to such agencies, yet the use of clover goes very far towards accomplishing it.

Clover will do for you miracles. Yea, it will do more. It will cancel notes, pay mortgages, extinguish obligations, and bring abundance where there is want.

#### INFLUENCE OF COLOURS ON LIFE.

A BELIEF in colour-poisoning by means of green dresses and green wall papers has already been forced upon the public by some tolerable conclusive evidence; but it seems that the mischievous propensities of this colour are far from being yet exposed.

A French savant, M. Paul Bert, has just exhibited against it articles of impeachment of the gravest character, supported by reports of a whole series of startling experiments. If his theory is true, it is not only the arsenic used in producing the colour which does the injury, but the actual colour itself, and a mere ray of green

light is capable of affecting the health of the person exposed to it by the smell or presence of arsenic.

To demonstrate this alleged fact, M. Berthas submitted several specimens of the sensitive plant to rays of different colours thrown upon them through stained glass, and in every cases those which were treated to the most brilliant green light withered and died in the shortest time. In those plants which were exposed to a red light a peculiar phenomenon was observed; the tips or spikes of the leaves prolonged themselves and grew forward in a lean and hungry fashion, horizontally with the branch from which they sprang, while in a blue light the contrary effect was produced, the spikes standing out abruptly and perpendicularly from their stem.

One of the plants being enclosed in a sort of lantern, having red glass on one side and green on the other, instead of shrinking away from the poison on their right to the rosaceate antidote on their left, the leaves, as if by a fatal fascination, turned with one consent the other way and literally looked death in the face.

## CONVICTED.

### CHAPTER LI.

The next day Alex and Mrs. Ingestre journeyed up to London, proceeding upon their arrival to a small, private, family hotel just out of Piccadilly, where the elder lady had stopped before, and where, consequently, she felt very much at home.

A sitting-room, with three bedrooms, was assigned them, Mrs. Ingestre's maid being in attendance.

It was evening when they arrived, and dinner was served them in their own apartment, which was bright with fire and candle-light.

"The Mountheron town-house is closed," said Mrs. Ingestre, as she lingered over her repast, "and the marquis has chambers somewhere and dines at his club. When he comes up for the season, he brings a staff of servants, and opens his house, and lives in princely magnificence, but upon these flying visits chambers suit him better. He keeps them the year around, so that he may always feel at home in them. Do you wish to see Lady Vivian to-night?"

"I prefer to go to her in the morning," answered Alex. "I shall return to dine with you."

Neither spoke of the relic that had been found in the chamber of the murdered marquis at Mount Heron, but it was continually in Alex's thoughts, and Mrs. Ingestre puzzled over it secretly, and formed a dozen different theories.

They did not sit up late, but Alex slept but little, being filled with excitement and anxiety.

The next morning she dressed herself in her plainest attire, and, after breakfast, put on her hat and veil, and ordered a cab, in which she set out alone upon her errand.

Mrs. Ingestre entreated her to take her maid with her, deeming it improper for her to go out unattended, but Alex gently declined all companionship.

Upon entering the cab, she requested to be conveyed to the address her father had given her as his own, No—, Leicester Square. She believed Mr. Strange to be in London, and felt it necessary to see him at once.

No—, proved to be a dingy, over-crowded lodging-house and hotel, with swarthy foreigners lounging in the halls and about the steps.

Alex drew her veil over her face closely, descended from the cab, and entered the hall. The loungers stared at her.

She shrank from them nervously, and seeing, through an open door at her right, a long and dingy dining-room, with a desk at one end, and a man seated behind the desk, she quietly entered and approached him.

He looked up from a column of figures, pen in

hand, disclosing a coarse, shrewd countenance, and bowed to her, but did not rise.

"I wish to find a Mr. Strange," said the young lady, in a low tone, desiring not to attract the attention of the loungers. "He has a room here, I think. He came from Greece."

The bookkeeper repeated the name, while trying to discern Alex's features through her veil.

"There's been more after him than you, miss," he said, turning over the leaves of his book and glancing casually at the list of names. "But they did not find him. He left more than a week ago—went back to Greece, I think some one said."

Alex's heart sank.

"Gone!" she repeated.

"Yes, miss, luggage and all. He must have been a political refugee, or something. We have lots of political refugees here; but a quieter person than he we never did have. He got away, though, if anyone was after him—if that's any satisfaction to you."

"Who inquired after him?" inquired Alex, desperately. "Could you tell me?"

"The names? No. They were Frenchmen, I think—spies, of course, of some sort—and one of them had a long red scar down his left cheek that made him look ugly enough."

Pierre Renaud!

He had traced her father to this place, then!

A fear came over Alex lest Renaud might have entrapped Mr. Strange, but she reflected that the arrest of Lord Stratford Heron would create a great excitement and sensation throughout England, and she must inevitably have heard of it had it occurred.

No, her father had escaped—but where was he?

She had not heard from him.

She believed it possible that he had quitted England.

Thanking the bookkeeper for his information, she ran the gauntlet again of the loungers, and re-entered the cab.

As she ascended the step, she saw a tall, thin figure, clothed in black, sauntering down the square toward her.

A glance at the hideous scar seaming the face assured her that the man was Pierre Renaud.

As she beheld him, he also saw her.

He had watched her slender, supple figure too often not to recognise it, even when the face was veiled.

The haughty poise of the small head, the peculiar grace of her bearing, these were as familiar to him as his own features.

Muttering an oath, he hurried toward her.

"Park Lane," said Alex, giving the number, and sinking down upon the cushions.

The driver slammed the door, mounted his box, and drove away, just as Pierre Renaud came up breathless.

"She's been here to see her father," thought the valet. "But the father is not here. What then? She must know where he is, and she has come here to bring some message from him, or to get his luggage. I'll do well to follow her."

He signalled a hansom that stood near, entered it, and bade the cabman follow Alex's vehicle, which he pointed out to him.

Alex drove directly to Park Lane, and to Lady Vivian Clyffe's town residence.

The servants who had attended her ladyship in Cornwall were her own, and they had accompanied her to London.

A footman in livery, whom Alex recognised, gave her admittance.

The house was not large, but was perfect in its arrangements and appointments, furnished and decorated after the new art school, and as charming as a picture.

Alex was ushered into a reception-room, and her card was taken up to Lady Vivian. Directly afterward Felicie came hurrying down, begging Miss Strange to go up to her mistress, who would be delighted to see her.

Following the French tiring-woman, Alex was shown upstairs into Lady Vivian's boudoir, a very nest of luxury and beauty, with walls hung

with pale silk satin, with upholstery of the same, richly embroidered with flowers, and with a thick-piled carpet of rose-colour.

A bright fire burned in the grate.

The curtains of pink satin and white lace were drawn away from the window, giving a view of the drizzling rain without.

Lady Vivian, in a dressing-gown of white cashmere, trimmed with swan's-down, was lounging in a low easy-chair by the fire. She arose at Alex's entrance, came forward, and embraced her tenderly.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she exclaimed, removing the girl's hat, and drawing her to a seat. "This is a delightful surprise. But how came you to arrive at this hour?"

"We arrived last night, Mrs. Ingestre and I," answered Alex. "We went to a private hotel, and I came here alone in a cab after our breakfast."

"But this won't do, Alex. You should have come directly to me," said Lady Vivian.

"I could not leave Mrs. Ingestre, else I would gladly have come directly to you, Lady Vivian," said Alex. "Mrs. Ingestre has been very kind to me, and would not allow me to make the journey alone. I think I must remain with her until she returns to the castle."

"And then?"

"I must go back with her," said Alex, reflecting that her only hope of hearing from her father, and learning his present whereabouts, lay in her return to Mount Heron.

If her father should write to her she must be there to receive his letter, lest it fall into hostile hands.

And if he were still in England he would certainly seek her there.

"I must return to Mount Heron as soon as Mrs. Ingestre can go—to-morrow, I hope."

"But why are you in such haste, my dear? What attraction has that grey and grim old castle for one so bright and young as you? Stay with me, Alex. I shall return to Clyffebourne next week, and you shall go with me."

"I must go to-morrow," reiterated Alex, her one thought now being to return to the castle. "Indeed I must, dear Lady Vivian. Mrs. Ingestre will go, and she has need of me."

"I shall be jealous, my dear. Do you intend to throw me over altogether for Mrs. Ingestre?"

The girl's eyes, full of love and reproach, were turned upon Lady Vivian as she answered hastily in the negative.

"Then why this hurry to leave me, my dear? Is it that you think I distrust you? My child, I love you, and perfect love brings perfect trust. Whatever your mistakes, I know you are too noble to do wrong consciously. Have you come up to tell me something about that mysterious visitor of yours in the grounds at Clyffebourne? I cannot account for your flying visit upon other supposition."

The red blood stained Alex's clear cheeks.

"I have not come to speak of that, dear Lady Vivian," she declared. "I may never be able to explain that, but I beg you not to think ill of me for my silence. If I could tell you I would, but the secret is not mine."

"Then what was your errand?" asked Lady Vivian, drawing away slightly.

"I came to tell you an adventure of mine at Mount Heron Castle the day before yesterday," replied Alex, feeling the shadow that had fallen upon her ladyship. "I do not know to whom else to go. Will you hear me, dear Lady Vivian, and tell me what to do?"

"Certainly, my dear. An adventure? Tell me about it. Did you fall among the rocks? Have you been capsized again?"

"My adventure is of a different nature. Mrs. Ingestre had been telling me about the Mount Heron tragedy."

Lady Vivian's features quivered.

"Is it necessary to allude to that?" she inquired, her voice sounding strained and uneven.

"It is necessary," answered Alex, bravely. "I must pain you, dear Lady Vivian, but to whom else can I go?"

"I will hear it. Go on."

"Mrs. Ingestre had told me the whole story," continued Alex. "And she said that the room in which Lord Mountheron was murdered had remained closed since the coroner's inquest."

"Yes, yes; I know that."

The girl hesitated.

How much could she say and keep the secret of her identity unrevealed.

"I had heard the story of the murder before," she said, quietly, "and I was anxious to visit that fatal room. I believed—I knew," and her young voice rang out with sudden power, "that Lord Stratford Heron was innocent of the crime of murder. It was not his hand that struck down his crippled brother; he was not Cain; but a wronged and innocent man, a martyr to injustice and hatred."

Lady Vivian regarded the girl in amazement; the flashing blue eyes were full of fire that electrified her.

She threw her arms about Alex, embracing her with a passionate fervour.

"You heard the story?" she exclaimed. "And yet you believe him innocent?"

"I know that he is innocent!" cried the girl. "And his innocence shall be proved to all men!"

"But this is mere enthusiasm," said Lady Vivian, growing white, and sinking back into her chair. "I never before heard anyone express a belief in his innocence. It cannot be that you have heard all the evidence. No one but I who knew him so well could doubt that frightful array of testimony."

"Let me go on with my story. I persuaded Mrs. Ingestre to have the room opened. Puffet aired it, and lit a fire in the great chimney. We all went in, Mrs. Ingestre and I, and Mrs. Matthews and Mr. Puffet."

"Yes, and you found only the dust of years, and close air, moths and mice, perhaps, and the furniture dampened and ruined—"

"I found more than that. A gleam of light from the fire penetrated the deep crevices of the carvings of the old inlaid bedstead. It was His own goodness, dear Lady Vivian, for that ray of light fell upon a bit of gold; and the reflection caught my eyes. I pulled it out, and it proved to be a segment of a gold chain—a gentleman's watch-chain. It had escaped the eyes of all searchers to meet mine after all these years."

"Where is it?"

"I believed it to have belonged to the murderer, and to have been wrenched from him by Lord Mountheron in the conflict that preceded the murder. I took it at once to Mr. Dalton at Mount Heron village, and he has it under seal with the depositions of Mrs. Ingestre, myself, Mrs. Matthews, and Mr. Puffet as to the manner of the finding."

"I must see it," cried Lady Vivian; excitedly. "I shall take the first train for Cornwall."

"I brought two links of that chain to show you. No one could identify it. No one remembers having seen such a chain. Here are the links. Tell me, dear Lady Vivian," and the girl hung upon her mother's words in breathless suspense, "have you ever seen a chain like this?" Mrs. Ingestre declares it must have belonged to Lord Stratford Heron. Mr. Dalton suggested that it had been the possession of the murdered lord. If you cannot identify it, I beg you to call Felicie," and Alex thought again of Pierre Renaud. "Look at this fragment carefully, and tell me if you can recall a chain like it."

She had taken out her purse and subtracted from it a bit of paper in which her treasure was wrapped. She unrolled them, and the two links of gold lay on her hand.

(To be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

### GLUE AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

GLUE is an important commercial animal product, and its manufacture is carried on upon a large scale. Many refuse products are used in

its composition; animal skin in every form, uncombined with tannin, may be made into glue. The substances most largely and generally employed are the parings of hides and skins from the tanneries and slaughter-houses, known as glue pieces, fleshings, pelts from furriers, the hoofs and ears of horses, calves and sheep. The parings of ox and other thick hides make the strongest, and afford about forty-five per cent. of glue. Dried sinews, the core or bony support inside horns, fish bones, with other offal, are also the raw materials used for making glue and size.

The process of manufacturing glue is as follows: The clipping and refuse material are first placed in a lime pit, and when sufficiently steeped they are immersed in water, well washed, rinsed, and placed on hurdles to dry. Afterwards they are boiled to the consistency of thick jelly, which is passed, while hot, through osier baskets, or bags and nets made of rope, to separate the grosser particles of dirt or bones from it, and allowed to stand some time to purify further. When the remaining impurities have settled to the bottom it is melted and boiled a second time, and when thick enough it is drawn off into a vessel and maintained at a temperature which will keep it liquid. This gives further time for the deposition of solid impurities, and for clarification, by the addition of such chemicals as the manufacturers may prefer.

The glue is then run off into wooden coolers, about six feet long, one foot broad, and two feet deep. Here it becomes a firm jelly, which is cut out by a spade into square cakes, each cake being deposited in a sort of wooden box, open in several slits or divisions to the back. The glue is cut into slices by passing a brass wire, attached to a kind of bow, along the slits. These slices are placed upon nets, the marks of which are seen on the dry glue, and stretched in wooden frames, removed to the open air, placed in piles, with proper intervals for the admission of air; each pile being roofed in; as a protection from the weather. When the glue is about three-quarters dry it is removed into lofts, where in the course of some weeks the hardening is completed. The cakes are finally dried off in a stove room at an elevated temperature, which when they are once solid only serves to harden and improve their quality.

Good glue should contain no specks, but be transparent and clear when held up to the light. The best glue swells without melting when immersed in cold water, and resumes its former size on drying.

### ACTION OF COMPRESSED OXYGEN.

RECENT investigations have disclosed the fact that oxygen under high pressure rapidly destroys all living beings and organic compounds.

All the varied phenomena of fermentation, in which the chemical action depends upon the presence of living organisms, are completely arrested by the action of compressed oxygen, even if exerted only for a brief time; while fermentations due to dissolved matter, like diastase, perfectly resist its influence. M. Bert, to whom this curious discovery is due, has found a practical application of it in the field of physiological research.

The ripening of fruits is arrested by exposure to compressed oxygen, and hence it must arise from cellular evolution. The poison of the scorpion, on the other hand, whether liquid or redissolved in water, entirely resists the action of the compressed gas.

Such poisons evidently owe their power to chemical compounds akin to the vegetable alkaloids. Fresh vaccine matter subjected for more than a week to oxygen under a pressure equal to 50 atmospheres retained its virtue, from which it would appear that the active principle in vaccine matter is not certain living organisms or cells, as some have supposed.

The virus of glanders, after similar treatment, quickly infected horses inoculated with it; and carbuncular blood, though freed from

bacteria, was found to retain its dangerous properties. These must therefore be put in the same class with vaccine matter.

If these results are confirmed by further investigations, the discovery will lead to the settlement of many disputed questions in physiological chemistry.

### CURIOS INSECT INSTINCT.

DR. DEWITZ, a German naturalist, has recently described a very remarkable case of insect instinct peculiar to a butterfly of the genus *Aidos*, indigenous to Venezuela. The chrysallis on casual examination seems to be perfectly empty, while its surface is punctured with numerous holes. Closer scrutiny shows that, in reality, there is a double envelope, the outer layer alone of which is perforated; while on the inner covering are deep pits corresponding with the apertures. The caterpillar, after making the outer cocoon, perforates it, and then makes a strong inner one in which it takes refuge, the object of the holes being obviously to cause the cocoon to appear untenanted.

KANGAROO HIDES are an important article of export from Australia. They are said to make the most pliable leather known.

DR. HUGGINS has received a letter, dated January 15, from Mr. E. J. Stone, in which the Royal Astronomer at the Cape says, that, from an examination of the observations of the transit of Venus, he finds the solar parallax to be 8.88, or a distance as nearly as possible of 92,000,000 miles. This value agrees within 0.03 with that deduced by Mr. Stone from the observations of the transit in 1769.

**RINGING IN THE EARS.**—The phenomenon of ringing or tingling in the ears (*tinnitus aurium*) has recently been studied by Dr. Aigre. He believes, that, in every case, it may be attributed to vibration of the walls of blood-vessels of the labyrinth. These vascular vibrations act on the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve, which they agitate. They may act on the nerve in two ways—either by increasing in amplitude, or simply by reflex action, by concentration, or by resonance. The former case occurs when there is increase or diminution of tension of the blood in the vessels of labyrinth, or when the constitution of the blood is altered, as in chlorosis or anaemia.

### SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINKING.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

The beating of their own hearts  
Was all the sound they heard.

THE tones and manner chilled Leopold Ormiston. Here he stood within a yard and a half of the woman he so passionately loved, and yet this was the way in which she spoke—as coolly and as coldly as though he had never been more to her than an ordinary acquaintance.

"Miss Vane," and as he spoke he could scarcely get out the name, "I presume your maid has told you why I wanted to speak to you alone."

"Yes; you are very kind to so far interest yourself in my affairs."

She tried to speak indifferently and conventionally, but her voice trembled, and she with difficulty kept herself from bursting into tears.

Leopold Ormiston saw his advantage and seized it. Like a wise man he recognised the value of opportunity.

He laid his hand upon her arm. Much to his surprise, she shrank from his touch as though an adder had stung her.

"Be good enough to say at once what you have to say," she exclaimed, calling all her

haughtiness to her aid. "I cannot stay here very long, and I shall be glad if you will make the interview as short as possible."

"I shall obey you," he replied, much in the same tone. "I wished to tell you that Sir Percival Rossmore, to whom you are engaged to be married, Miss Vane—I am right, am I not?" he inquired, with cutting politeness and sarcasm.

"Quite right," she answered, bowing. "I am engaged to be married to Sir Percival Rossmore. Pray proceed with your story, Mr. Ormiston."

"First let me offer you my congratulations upon your engagement, Miss Vane, and to wish you every happiness in the brilliant future which must lie before you as the wife of Sir Percival Rossmore."

There was an accent of unmitigated contempt in his voice.

It stung Everil to the very soul! Goaded her almost to madness, so that, for her life she could not avoid saying:

"And I have also to offer you my congratulations and best wishes, Mr. Ormiston!"

"Indeed! May I ask upon what occasion?" He was bewildered at her manner.

"You are not paying the lady much of a compliment since you seem to forget why I must congratulate you!"

Everil could scarcely bring herself to say Ulrica Warner's name in connection with Leopold Ormiston's.

"You speak in enigmas, Miss Vane. As our time is short, as you reminded us just now, perhaps you will kindly explain what you mean."

"I mean that I offer you my congratulations upon your engagement to Miss Warner."

In genuine astonishment Leopold Ormiston listened.

"I have it from the best authority," continued Everil, speaking unguardedly and excitedly in her emotion.

"Upon whose authority?" he asked.

"Upon that of Miss Warner herself," she replied.

"Miss Warner told you, Miss Vane, that she was engaged to be married to me?" he inquired, slowly and deliberately, a light suddenly breaking upon his mind.

"Yes, so she told me. And I saw her a few minutes afterwards in your arms by the river path."

"Quite true, Miss Vane. Miss Warner fainted, I believe," he added, dubiously; "but Miss Warner told you a falsehood—a downright falsehood—if she asserted that she was engaged to me. In my life I never said one word to the young woman which she could in any way construe into a promise of marriage."

It was now Everil's turn to become thunderstricken with amazement.

"What on earth could have been her motive then in saying so to me?"

Everil asked the question as much of herself as of Leopold Ormiston.

"The motives of women," said Leopold Ormiston, rather ironically, "are, as I have come to the conclusion, past finding out. I can only assure you that Miss Warner is not engaged to be married to me—never was engaged to be married to me. I hope that is explicit enough for you, Miss Vane?"

"It is really of no consequence to me," replied Everil. "But I have come here not to talk about Miss Warner, nor about you, but to know what you mean by saying that Sir Percival Rossmore, my affianced husband, is already married."

"Will you come over to this seat, Miss Vane?" inquired Leopold Ormiston, pointing to a bench by the side of the boathouse.

"Why not speak to me here?"

"I wish to speak to you alone," he said, in a low tone, which reached her ear only.

"I quite trust my maid, Bessy Power, Everil made reply. "Whatever you have to say you can say in her presence."

"But I do not wish to do so!" he exclaimed, in the clear, energetic tones of a man who

meant to be obeyed. "I have not the very slightest doubt but that your maid is perfectly trustworthy in every respect, at the same time I have that to say which I do not care to say in the presence of a third person."

Everil hesitated.

The revelations he had already made respecting Ulrica Warner prepared her for something far more exciting.

Feminine curiosity triumphed, and, turning to Bessy Power, she said, in a low voice:

"Bessy, you will not think it any breach of confidence between you and me, if I do as Mr. Ormiston requests?"

"Law, no, Miss Everil!" returned Bessy Power, heartily, "not a bit of it, miss. If I was you, I'd just go, miss, over to that seat and hear whatever Mr. Ormiston has to say. Your mind will be relieved, Miss Everil, and you'll be all the better for it."

Everil walked beside Leopold Ormiston to the rustic seat by the boathouse.

He gazed furiously at the lovely girl by his side, and Leopold Ormiston determined that, before she left him that night, that she should clear up the mystery of her strange conduct towards him, and of her hurried engagement to Sir Percival Rossmore.

On her side, Everil felt inclined to yield herself up to the glamour of the hour, and the mere fact of her being in the presence of the man she so passionately and so tenderly loved.

For she confessed to herself, she still loved him deeply, tenderly, truly, as such a woman as she was loves but once in a lifetime.

Everil loved with that love which was her doom.

For:

Love is indestructible  
Its holy flame for ever burneth—  
From Heaven it cometh to Heaven returneth—  
It soweth here, with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of Love is there.

Despite her various conflicting emotions, Everil felt a heaven within her breast at being again in the gracious presence of the man she loved.

She seated herself on the rustic bench and he placed himself beside her.

Her cloak fell off, revealing her white-robed form thrown out in full relief from the brown wall of the boathouse.

By the dim light her face looked white and weird—a good match for her white dress. Her hair streamed over her shoulders, and her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap.

There was no sound of living thing,  
No chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of their own hearts  
Was all the sound they heard.

They were, as if by mutual consent, very silent for a minute or two, and then Everil said:

"Tell me now what you have to say to me?"

"It is merely this," he replied, "Sir Percival Rossmore is a married man, and his wife is at present living in my house!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

For, oh! it was a blessed thing,  
After long grief and pain  
To feel the arms of my true love  
Around me once again:

"AND I tell you," reiterated Leopold Ormiston, as he sat beside Everil Vane on the rustic bench by the side of the boathouse—"I tell you that it is a falsehood! I am not engaged to Miss Warner, nor did I ever contemplate anything of the kind. Your information very much surprised me!"

Everil Vane did not like Ulrica Warner. Indeed, in round terms, she may be said plainly to have hated her as much as it was in her gentle nature to hate anybody.

At the same time she felt a sort of natural womanly difference at repeating that Ulrica herself had been her informant.

"Oh, there is no need to say anything further upon the matter!" she said, evasively.

"But there is every reason to say so!" he exclaimed, warmly.

"I cannot see that it is of any importance!" was the cold reply. "Kindly tell me the particulars you wish to impart, as I cannot stay very long here."

Everil spoke as coolly and as deliberately as she could.

But her heart still beat violently, and it was only by an effort of excessive self-control that she was enabled to preserve her composure.

"I shall not detain you longer than is absolutely necessary," he replied in much the same tone; "but some facts have recently come to my knowledge which I consider it my duty to make you acquainted with."

Everil bowed.

"You are very good. Pray proceed."

"Sir Percival Rossmore," he continued, "is, as I told you, a married man, and his wife is now at my house, Ormiston Manor Farmhouse."

He paused.

For Everil's pretty hands nervously clasped and unclasped, and she leaned back against the woodwork of the boathouse, her eyes closed, and her sweet face looking deadly pale in the moonlight.

"It is a thing scarcely credible!" she murmured.

"Nevertheless," he replied, "like many other seemingly incredible things, it is quite true."

"But how does it happen that this person," she added, "who calls herself the wife of Sir Percival Rossmore, comes to beat your house?"

"I will tell you then," replied Leopold Ormiston. "The story is rather a long one, but I will get over it as quickly as I can."

And then Leopold Ormiston poured forth into Everil Vane's astonished ear the whole history of how he had been walking along the other side of the hedge, on the top of the quarry bank, and had seen Ulrica Warner come slowly along with the strange woman.

Then he had marked that Ulrica look furiously around.

There was not a sound of anything living, and then she gave the strange woman a push, and hurled her over the brink.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Everil, in consternation. "Can this be true?"

"You need not take my mere words for it," he replied, coldly, "the woman, as I told you, is at my house, and you can see her and question her for yourself."

"Pray proceed," she said, ignoring his remarks.

"Miss Warner," he continued, in obedience to her mandate, "then left the place hurriedly."

"Yes? and the woman? What of her?"

"I came forth from my hiding-place and looked down the quarry. It was a fearful place. The masses of stone stood out huge and jagged—on some of them small bushes growing in the accumulated rubbish of years. I listened, but heard no sound. At length, when I thought Miss Warner must be well out of the way, I called softly, and asked if there was anyone there!"

"Well?" she exclaimed, breathlessly, her large eyes dilated and her hands clasped nervously before her.

"I got no answer," he returned. "However, as I had distinctly seen the woman being hurled off the top of the quarry bank, I could not, of course, leave the place without making some effort to rescue her, or, at all events, to find out what had become of her."

"What did you do?"

Everil was becoming more and more interested.

"I calculated the chances of breaking my neck," he replied, "and then Heaven alone knows how I did it. I clambered down the side of the quarry."

"Heaven always protects the right," she remarked, reverently.

"Some good angel was watching over me, I am sure," said Leopold Ormiston, "for I had not got far when I saw a dark object."

"The woman!"



## [ON GUARD.]

"Yes, the woman who had been thrown off the edge of the quarry bank. There she was, half sitting, wedged in between two huge masses of stone. Her fall had been broken by a clump of hazel bushes which grew out of the interstices of the stone."

"Thank Heaven!" fervently ejaculated Everil. "And what did you then do?"

"With considerable difficulty I managed to get her out of her perilous position, and then the difficulty was to get her up on the bank. I am sure I cannot tell you how I did it, but I can only say that in some extraordinary way I succeeded in getting her up on firm earth again."

"Heaven helped you," said Everil, who had been listening with rapt, reverent attention to his simple recital of his heroic deed.

"I suppose so."

"I am sure of it," she replied, decidedly. "Then, I presume, you took the woman home?"

"Of course I did," said Leopold Ormiston; "there was nothing else to be done with her. She was a poor, frightened, timid, half-dazed creature, and only moaned and whined, and clung to me, and begged of me not to take her back to the Rectory."

"It is the most extraordinary thing, and at the same time, the most inexplicable affair I ever heard of," exclaimed Everil, in sheer bewilderment.

"Not so inexplicable when you know all about it," he replied.

"Then be quick and let me hear. For I am not alone intensely interested, but intensely curious to know all about it."

"The poor woman was put to bed, and I told Margaret Rayner, my housekeeper, who is a woman to be trusted, not to let anyone know on any account that the woman was in the house."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted quietly to come at whatever reason Miss Warner could have had for

wishing to put that poor woman out of the way."

"I cannot fancy what could have been her motive. Perhaps," Everil charitably suggested, "you may have been mistaken, and that it was all an accident."

"It was no accident," quickly retorted Leopold Ormiston; "it was no chance, it was a deliberate design. I saw Miss Warner come behind the woman and push her over the edge of the quarry path. I heard the woman's faint scream and I saw Miss Warner hurry away and leave her there."

"What account did the woman give of herself?"

"She was no sooner put comfortably in bed," continued Leopold Ormiston, "than Margaret Rayner came to me, looking very terrified, and saying that the woman was saying all sorts of curious things, which she could not understand, and which she wished I would come and listen to. I obeyed her. I found the poor woman talking in a most extraordinary manner, the result of what she said being that she was the lawful wife of Sir Percival Rossmore."

Everil Vane sat quite still, her hands clasped before her.

"What proof have you?"

"Excellent, for so far."

"Have you anything more than this woman's word?"

"A great deal more."

"Let me hear it."

"She was married many years ago—I forget exactly how many—to Sir Percival Rossmore. He tired of her; she was shut up in a private lunatic asylum, and only escaped through the connivance of an attendant."

"What object had the attendant in conniving at her escape?" inquired Everil.

"The woman knew something about Sir Percival Rossmore. She listened to the presumed lunatic's story, and therefore helped her to leave the asylum."

"Have you any idea as to who this attendant may be?"

"Yes, she is the sister of your maid, Bessy Power."

Everil started in genuine amazement, and turned and looked at Bessy Power, who was seated upon a fallen trunk of a tree, at a little distance off. Bessy could now and again hear the murmur of the voices, but she could not tell what was being said.

"You amaze me."

"I have more extraordinary things than that to tell you."

"First of all, can you account for Miss Warner's wishing to get rid of the woman?"

"I can," and Leopold Ormiston stopped short.

"Tell me why, then?" she inquired.

He hesitated for a moment. He knew now right well that Ulrica Warner loved him with a passionate, unscrupulous madness.

He also knew that one of her chief objects in wishing to get Muriel Oliphant out of the way was for the purpose of there being no probable obstacle to the marriage of Sir Percival Rossmore and Everil Vane.

She would then have the field comparatively to herself. At all events, Everil would be beyond the reach of being a formidable rival.

She might not be able to get the same love from him which he had bestowed upon Everil, but she might manage to induce him to marry her, and Ulrica Warner's love was neither refined nor self-sacrificing.

To be his wife actually, whether or not she were so in his heart—was almost enough for her very earthly nature.

Leopold Ormiston felt all this, but an instinctive feeling of delicacy hindered him from saying anything about it to Everil.

"Why do you not tell me?" she demanded.

"First tell me, Everil"—he leaned forward as he spoke—"Tell me, truly and honestly, why have you treated me as you have done for some time past?"

(To be Continued.)



[A FAIR SAVAGE.]

THE  
LORD OF STRATHMERE;  
OR,  
THE HIDDEN CRIME.

CHAPTER XXVI.

But now, adown the shadowy side  
They warily move, and slow.

THE march of the blacks with their prisoners was prolonged a couple of hours after reaching the hills.

They threaded a narrow pass and came out upon a wide plateau, shut in on all sides by low mountain-ridges.

In the midst of this plateau was an aboriginal village, with huts and all the necessary adjuncts of aboriginal life.

The gins, or women, with the old men and children, set up a great cry of welcome at the appearance of the warriors, and came out to meet them.

They were a repulsive-looking race, with an appearance of extreme ferocity not at all reassuring to the prisoners.

Upon entering the village the Englishmen were dismounted and displayed as trophies to the admiring gins, who mocked them and stoned them, heaping upon them every contumely, as the representatives of Mackenzie, whom they hated.

The chief made a speech full of admiration of his own prowess, which was loudly applauded. Walla, the cook, stood near his masters, and gave them a free translation of their captor's sentences.

The poor fellow was very despondent. The hill-tribe was noted for its cruelties to captives.

Chandos noticed a black among those who had

remained in the village who was somewhat remarkable in appearance.

He was tall and lean, with keen eyes, and an air of superior intelligence. He was, in fact, one of the scouts and spies of Lord Strathmere, who had been sent months since to stir up the blacks to enmity against the two Englishmen. The other had long since returned to Sydney.

He had, at last, succeeded in conquering their awe of the doctor and Chandos, and inducing them to set out upon their evil errand. The scout had stipulated that the prisoners should be brought alive to the hill-village, if possible, and killed in his presence.

He was full of exultation at the success of his plans, and at the prospect of soon claiming his reward at the hands of the governor-general.

The prisoners were thrust into one of the huts, securely bound, and closely guarded. The tribe made merry over their stolen goods, displaying them with pride, and dividing them among their gins. Then they were served with breakfast, of which the prisoners received not a morsel.

After breakfast the chief and the black scout entered the hut in which the prisoners had been thrust.

They regarded the Englishmen closely, and talked together in their own tongue. The scout was desirous of making sure beyond all possibility of doubt that these were the two men whom Lord Strathmere desired killed, and he accosted the doctor in English, asking his name.

"Why do you wish to know?" asked Dr. Marsh, suspiciously.

"It is Doctor Marsh," said the scout, paying no attention to the counter interrogation; "and this young man is Ralph Chandos, a convict. He is tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed."

"You are repeating a description some one has given you," interposed Chandos, quietly. "I am Ralph Chandos. What do you know of me?"

"I know that you must die—that's all I know," was the response, uttered in a tone of triumph. "You will die this very night!"

"You will not harm my friend?" asked Chandos, who would have scorned to plead for himself. "He is no relative of Mackenzie. He has never harmed your people. Kill me, if you like, and let him go."

"Both must die," said the scout. "No matter about Mackenzie. No matter about people. Both you must die."

"You look to me like one of the blacks that I've seen hanging about Sydney," said the doctor. "You speak English; you are a government detective. Some white man has set you to destroy us. Is it the new governor general?"

The conscious look on the man's face confirmed the doctor's theory, and was sufficient answer.

"No matter who order me," said the man. "You die to-night!" and he stalked from the hut.

Chandos regarded the doctor closely.

"Do you think that my cousin, Lord Strathmere, desires my death, doctor?" he asked.

"I do, my boy."

"And why?"

"Because he is himself the murderer of your uncle! A least, I truly believe him so to be," cried the doctor. "And he means to kill you and me. He knows that I suspect him—he will never be easy while you live. We are to die to-night, my boy, and he will prosper in his wickedness, and go from triumph to triumph! Is Heaven's justice never to awaken? My poor boy, let us forget our wrongs and make our peace with Heaven! We are to die to-night!"

The hatred of the hill-tribe of blacks against Mackenzie had been transferred to the purchasers of his property.

To that original hatred had now been added a vast amount of new rancour and vengefulness.

The two Englishmen, in their attempt at self-defence, had killed one of their number and badly wounded another, and the blood of these seemed to cry aloud for vengeance.

The hill-blacks were originally a simple race, with kindly, gentle natures, which had been warped and embittered by the cruel treachery of the whites, whom at first they had liked and trusted.

The defence of Chandos and the old doctor was reckoned by them as added injury, since they had expected to swoop down upon the squatter's hut, in the darkness and rain, and destroy the two men in their sleep.

Moody and sullen they told the story of their wrongs anew to each other after their return to their village with their prisoners, rehearsing to those who had stayed at home the history of their defeat, and discussing the proper means of inflicting what they deemed justice upon the two Englishmen.

A throng of blacks went in and out of the hut in which the prisoners were confined, mocking and jeering at the whites.

Even the girls—the women of the tribe—and the children joined in the cruel sport.

Walla, the black cook, who had been taken captive with his master, was treated with more respect, was liberally fed, and spared all indignities.

After the returned warriors had feasted and spent some little time in deliberation, they brought Walla forth from the hut and severed his bonds, making speeches to him, extolling the valour of his people, and expressing their desire to maintain friendly terms with them.

"We have no cause of enmity with you," said the chief, in his own tongue. "We took you prisoner in the hurry and excitement, but we have not harmed you. Go back to your people and tell them that we are friends, and that we desire to be friends always. All we have sought is justice upon our enemies."

"But these are not your enemies," replied Walla, pointing to the hut in which the prisoners were confined. "They have done you no harm, except in self-defence—"

"They killed one of our warriors—"

"You attacked them first."

"Mackenzie treacherously slew our brave men—"

"He has gone across the big water. These are not friends of Mackenzie."

"These inherited his property and his enemies. Now, go your own way, and leave us to ourselves. If we have treated you roughly, your people had no business to interfere in our warfare. We are even. Yet, as we wish to have peace with your people, we forgive their interference, and send you away in safety."

He presented Walla with a fine bow and arrow, as a peace-offering, and, refusing to hear his anxious pleading in behalf of his masters, sent him away under escort of three warriors, who were ordered to see him safely upon the other side of the mountains.

A little after midday food was brought to the prisoners by a young girl, a very favourable specimen of her race.

She could not speak a word of English, but her glances were full of kindly sympathy, and the meal she brought was plentiful, and well-cooked.

The two Englishmen were allowed the use of their hands, and ate their repast with appetite.

After the girl had withdrawn, with a final look of pity, the doctor said, sighing:

"They are having a tremendous pow-wow outside, Chandos. I suppose they are settling the manner of our execution."

Our hero assented, adding:

"They have released Walla. The poor fellow is attached to us. I wonder if he will not lead some of his people to our rescue."

The doctor shook his head.

"I think not," he said. "The hill-people are more in number than the tribe of the plain; and they are at home, which gives them further advantage. We have heard of the former wars between the two tribes in which the hill-people always came off victorious. No, Wymeric."

will not endanger his own safety by interfering in our behalf. He will leave us to our fate."

"Then we must depend upon ourselves," said Chandos, cheerfully.

The doctor looked profoundly gloomy.

"I am afraid in doing so we shall lean upon broken reeds," he declared, grimly. "There is no possibility of our escape. We are doomed, my dear boy, and perhaps it is as well. If our deaths may be comparatively painless we need ask nothing more. Your experience of life has not been such as to attach you to it."

This was true; nevertheless, the instinct which is implanted in every human breast made Ralph Chandos cling to his wrecked existence. He indulged in no sighs or complaints, but his quiet, resolute face indicated a resolve to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The hut possessed no windows. The aperture which served as a door was small, and the interior of the dwelling was therefore but dimly lighted.

The prisoners were strongly bound hand and foot, with a stout rope formed with withes. Chandos found that he could raise his wrists to his mouth, and set to work to gnaw his fetters—a work which seemed hopeless, but to which he brought a patience that was likely to conquer success.

His operations were interrupted by the frequent visits of his persecutors, but were as constantly resumed.

One strand gave way, and then another. The young man, being a little in the rear of his companions, kept from him the secret of his labours, fearing to excite in him hopes that might be doomed to frustration.

They might at any moment be led forth to execution.

Chandos wondered at the delay, but persevered in his task.

By nightfall he had succeeded in reducing his rope to a single strand, which he could snap asunder with one energetic movement.

But not even yet did he impart his secret to the doctor, who had sunk into the profoundest depths of despair.

The hut was filled with dusky shadows, when a girl entered with a bountiful supper of kangaroo steaks that had been broiled upon coals. She set it down within their reach, and then retreated, without loosening their fetters.

"The end must be near," said the doctor, listening. "Do you hear that noise? They are kindling a great fire! Can they mean to roast us alive?"

The light of an out-door fire began to steam in at the aperture that served as door.

"The blacks are all around our hut, like bees around a hive," said Chandos. "They mean to put us to death to-night. But we shall not be here to enact the parts expected of us—"

"My dear boy, has trouble turned your brain?"

Chandos lowered his tones to a whisper.

"I have gnawed my bonds at my wrists to a single strand," he said. "In one moment I can be free. I have my pocket-knife still—"

A louder outcry was heard without. The doctor had barely time to compose his features, when the chief, attended by two or three chosen warriors, stalked into the hut.

He was a tall, powerful black, with a peculiarly savage expression, indicative of a cruel disposition.

He looked down upon his prisoners with a gleaming expression.

"Your time is nearly come, white men," he said, in English. "We pay off our debts to-night. You have kill our kangaroos and opossums; you have kill our warriors when pretending to be friendly—"

"We have not done this," interrupted Chandos. "We have not killed your game or your people—"

"Mackenzie did. It is all the same—all one. You kill one of our warriors last night—"

"In self-defence. You attacked us."

"Blood for blood!" said the chief. "That is white man's law—it is black man's law. Blood for blood! You must die!"

"When?" asked Chandos, coolly.

"To-night," answered the chief, surprised at the unmoved demeanour of the prisoners.

"And how?" asked Chandos.

"The white men punish by hanging. Not enough pain in that," said the chief. "You have done us much harm—you and Mackenzie. All same. You shall suffer, and Mackenzie will hear of it. We have made a great fire. It is now dark. When the moon rises you shall be brought out and burned alive!"

He waited to hear lamentations and expressions of grief, but none were uttered. The chief turned and stalked from the hut, followed by his warriors, to complete his preparation for the proposed execution.

The noise without increased.

The entire village had entered into the spirit of the occasion—even the children bringing faggots.

"The moon will rise in about an hour," said the doctor.

"The blacks are all withdrawn from our neighbourhood," said Chandos. "They are all making ready for the expected auto-da-fé. It is dark round the hut. Now is our time!"

He snapped the fragment of his bonds as he spoke, freeing his wrists. His pocket-knife was on his person. He produced it, and cut the ligatures confining his ankles, and was free.

Another minute sufficed to free his companion.

The two arose cautiously, stretching their cramped limbs. Chandos crept to the door of the hut.

Not one of the blacks was near. The hut lay in the midst of deep shadows. The sky was overhanging with light clouds, but there was no indication of rain.

At a distance of a few rods flamed a great wood-fire which lit up the scene luridly to a considerable distance.

In its glare, men, women, and children could be seen bringing faggots, and dancing about in great excitement.

They had planned a wild orgy for the night, with the torture and death of the captives, to be followed by feasting and dancing and savage merrymaking.

No one was paying particular attention to the hut and its occupants, who were naturally supposed to be perfectly safe.

The forgetfulness of the white men was, however, likely to be only temporary, and Chandos repeated:

"Now is our time. Are you ready, doctor?"

"Ready!" declared the doctor, who had been rubbing his legs vigorously to restore the circulation of his blood. "Lead on, Ralph!"

Chandos slipped out of the hut like a flash, the doctor gliding after him. They hurried around to the other side of the hut, where the shadows were denser, and then ran in the direction of the southern tier of hills.

They had not gone a dozen rods in the pale gloom when their flight was discovered, and the blacks set up a wild yell and hurried in pursuit, sending a shower of arrows after the fugitives. The missiles went wide of their mark.

The chief caught up one of the "hot sticks," as the aborigines termed a rifle, and fired after the retreating fugitives with dangerously excellent aim.

One of his warriors performed a similar office with the other, the bullet going wide of the mark.

The doctor's speed seemed to flag, but his courage and determination did not lessen. A belt of gum trees afforded them cover, and averted further dangers from "hot-sticks" or arrows.

They pressed onward until they reached the shelter of the wooded hills. Here the doctor dropped down, panting and groaning.

"What is it?" asked our hero, bending over him solicitously. "Are you ill, doctor?"

"It is only weakness," declared the doctor, heroically repressing all expressions of pain. "Are the rascals after us?"

Chandos watched and listened.

"They are gone to the eastward of us," he exclaimed. "The pass by which we entered

must lie in that direction. We have missed our route."

"And escaped our enemies thereby. There must be some pass in this direction. Let us find it."

The doctor arose to his feet and they pursued their flight, working away from their pursuers, and skirting the base of the hill.

"At this rate we shall get back where we started," said the doctor, whose voice grew unaccountably weak and his walk unsteady. "Are the rascals coming this way?"

"No, but I see a gap between the hills. Just in time, too, for the moon is rising. We shall escape, after all."

The gap was not far distant, and was a ravine, rough and tortuous, between two hills. Whither it led could not be guessed, but the two men turned into it, confident that it was an outlet from the plateau, and that it would lead them to safety.

They had gone about half a mile into the gloom of this pass, when the doctor halted abruptly:

"It's no use, my boy," he groaned. "I can't keep up any longer."

"You are tired. We will rest."

"You had better go on and leave me," said the doctor, sinking to the ground. "Rest won't help me, Chandos. The truth is, one of those bullets hit me in the shoulder, and I think it splintered some bone. This violent exercise has heated my blood and inflamed the wound. I have bled too, and am weak as a child. Save yourself, Ralph, and leave me to my fate. I am an old man."

"Can I not extract the bullet and dress the wound?" cried Chandos. "Does the blood still flow?"

He had his match-case in his pocket, and produced it, striking a match. A brief examination showed that the flow of blood from the wound had been excessive, that the bullet was beyond his power to probe, and that the doctor was feverish and ill.

He tore up his handkerchief and secured it upon the wound, the flow from which had nearly ceased.

His movements were quiet and deliberate, his touch soothed. The doctor gave him a few directions in a faint voice.

"And now," said Chandos, cheerfully, when his simple surgery was effected; "you must have better skill than mine, doctor. Perhaps by daylight I might, with your counsel, relieve you of the bullet, but you ought to have better help than I can give. Some squatter may be able to assist us. We must resume our journey."

"But I cannot walk."

"I can, and carry you also. No remonstrance, doctor. You shall mount my back—so!"

Despite the doctor's entreaty to save himself and leave him—the doctor—to his fate, our hero took his old friend upon his back and pressed onwards at as rapid a pace as his burden would allow.

"This is another 'edition o' Sinbad and his Old Man of the Sea,'" said the doctor, grimly. "You'll find me heavier with every mile."

Chandos replied cheerfully, but kept a firm hold upon his charge. He journeyed on slowly, and steadily, often pausing to rest.

The gorge widened as he progressed, and the moon's rays penetrated its gloom.

A little after midnight he came out upon the plain, beyond the jurisdiction of the hill-tribe, and he now laid down his burden and took a rapid survey of the scene, which was clearly outlined in the moonlight.

Various familiar objects caught his attention. He was within five miles of Garra-Garra.

The doctor was in a high state of fever, and threatened with delirium.

He needed surgical and medical assistance, and Chandos felt that he was not competent to do more than nurse him.

"The hut is destroyed," thought our hero. "I cannot take him to Wynerie, for the blacks could not care for him. I must take him to Paramatta or to Sydney. There is no help for it."

The question of transportation was next to be considered.

The blacks had taken away two of the horses belonging to the doctor, but there remained at Garra-Garra a pony which had been hobble and turned out to graze, and which in the darkness had escaped their observation.

"I must get the pony," said Chandos, to himself. "I can mount the doctor upon it, and walk by his side."

He turned to his old friend, and kneeling beside him, stated his decision.

"You are right," said the doctor, in a weak voice. "Heaven bless you, my dear boy, for seeing me through. I am going to be very ill. You had better take me to Sydney, if you can; to Doctor West, of Macquarie Street. He's an old friend of mine. I can scarcely think—I—where is the pony?"

"I will go for it," replied Chandos, passing his hand over the hot brow, and feeling the throbbing pulse. "Remain in this spot until I return."

He felt that there was not a moment to lose, and hurried away in the direction of Garra-Garra.

He made the five miles in less than an hour. He found the frame of the hut still standing, but its interior had been burned out.

The spot was desolate and deserted.

He found the pony as he expected, and was about to mount, when the lean, lank figure of his hunter appeared from one of the outbuildings, which had not been injured.

The recognition was joyful on both sides.

The faithful hunter welcomed his young master with unfeigned delight.

Walla had returned to his people, he announced, and Wynerie would have hastened to the rescue of his white friends, only that he believed that he would be too late to rescue them.

He inquired after the doctor, and Chandos explained his friend's situation.

"I will go with you to see him," said the hunter. "I have feed here, and will take that also. You will soon need it."

Chandos mounted, and rode the pony at a jog, the hunter running beside him.

Little was said during the journey. Our hero led the way with unerring certainty to the spot where he had left the doctor—but, to his consternation, the old man had disappeared.

There were no signs of conflict in the vicinity—there was no clue whatever to the missing man.

Chandos stared about him with wild and anxious eyes.

"Where is he?" he demanded, slipping to the ground, and exploring the spot in every direction. "What has happened? Have the hill-people recaptured him? I see—the ground is trampled here. Our enemies have followed us and secured him. By this time, what torture have they not inflicted upon him?"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Yest'even within my heart  
The secret I will keep.

UPON leaving Government House, Thomas Crows staggered to George Street, to the shop of the leading outfitter—the same whom Lord Strathmore had patronised—and left his measure, with orders for day and evening suits, such as would befit his anticipated career as the secretary of the governor-general.

He next visited the leading jeweller, and purchased a valuable gold watch and chain, with other trinkets.

These expenditures having satisfied him that his good luck was indeed a reality, he contented himself with them for the present, and made his way to a small and obscure hotel at the further end of George Street; near Brickfield Hill.

Here he ascended to an upper room, and sat down to meditate upon his brilliant prospects.

In the days of his poverty, when it had

been a struggle simply to live, he had loved the girl Meg Miner, and won her love in return.

She had had other suitors, among them a respectable mechanic, who could have afforded her a comfortable existence, and who had been well worthy of esteem, but she had clung to the ex-pedagogue's ne'er-do-well with all a woman's contrariety and faith.

He had longed to get money for her sake. He had thought that marriage with her would make of him a new man, and that it was the one good he most desired; but that had been before the murder of the old Lord Strathmore.

From the night of the murder he had been a changed man. He had told Meg the true story of the murder to save himself from her suspicions.

But with his secret hold upon the present baronet, he had bethought himself that he could do better than to marry the daughter of a village smith.

True, she had a sort of gipsy beauty; true, she loved him with a fidelity nothing could have shaken; but could he not do better?

He had a good education and a certain gloss of manners; why might he not marry a lady—one who had been born and bred to refinement and good society?

With this idea, having made up his mind to emigrate to New South Wales, and secured his passage to Sydney, he wrote to poor Meg Miner, on the morning of sailing, stating that he was going across seas to seek his fortune, and declared that some gloomy premonition that death awaited him on the far foreign shores of Australia induced him to release her from her vows of betrothal to him.

He concluded by assuring her of his deathless devotion, and by bidding her an eternal farewell.

And then he had treacherously slipped away from England, congratulating himself upon his shrewdness in thus ridding himself of the girl who loved him.

He thought of his exploit now with considerable satisfaction, even while he acknowledged to himself that he loved her as much as he was capable of loving.

"She will marry her father's assistant," he thought, with a keen pang of jealousy, "while I will marry a lady. But, lady or no, dear old Meg will always be nearest and dearest. I wonder if I will always, after all. A faithful heart cannot be bought, and Meg would have gone through fire and water for me. 'Poor old Meg!'

He tried to forget her, but her brown, gipsy face continually obtruded itself upon his thoughts.

He went out again for a stroll, and succeeded in banishing the image that haunted him. That evening he visited a theatre.

After the entertainment, as he was returning to his hotel, a man jostled past him, thrusting a knife into his side with the swiftness of thought, and turning the nearest corner, ran rapidly away, disappearing in the darkness.

Crowl staggered to a chemist's shop, where his wound was discovered to be superficial and where it was properly dressed.

"That was meant to fix me!" he said, to himself, as he returned to his lodgings. "Of course, I owe it to Lord Strathmore. No one else has an interest in my death. I know too much. He wants me out of the way. He does not want to dismiss Carew and take me in Carew's stead. Well, he has failed to-night. He must try again. But I must be enough for him. I'll baulk his little purpose."

The next morning he remained in his room at his hotel, ordering up a supply of writing materials.

With these, he wrote out a complete history of the Strathmore murder, and concluded with an account of his attempted assassination; declaring the attempt upon his life to be due, to the best of his belief and conviction, to Lord Strathmore.

This document he took to a notary. Without revealing its contents, he made a

formal affidavit to its truth, and sealed it with the notorial seal.

The notary was an elderly Englishman, a man who had been recommended to him for his probity and character, and his countenance was honest and intelligent.

Crowl requested him to put the document in his safe, and added :

" You know that this community has for its chief element a dangerous lawlessness. I have enemies who seek my life. Only last night I was stabbed in the street. The document I have entrusted to you I have prepared as a safeguard against my possible murder. If you will take charge of it I shall be glad to recompense you handsomely."

The notary expressed his willingness to accept the charge entrusted to him, but did not seem greatly impressed with the peril of his visitor.

" I will come to see you at your office once a week," said Crowl. " If a week passes without my calling I desire you to open that document and act upon its contents."

The notary agreed to act upon these instructions, and Crowl paid him handsomely and took his leave.

As he returned to the street, he beheld an ill-looking fellow lounging on the pavement. The man looked like a servant he had noticed at Government House.

Crowl walked on, with an anxious countenance.

" It's one thing to accuse Lord Strathmere," he thought, " and another thing to get him convicted of murder. He has money, rank, everything. But what am I? If I were found dead in the street to-night, and the notary were to proclaim that document to-morrow, who would dare to act upon it? Who would believe it?"

The thought brought additional uneasiness.

He stopped in at a stationer's and wrote a note in the following words, and addressed it to Lord Strathmere :

" MY LORD,—

" Your man just missed murdering me last night. As a precaution against future attempts on my life I have written out the full particulars of the affair of Strathmere Park, have sworn to it, and deposited the document in safe custody, with orders that if I fail to turn up once a week the packet be opened. A word to the wise is sufficient."

" THOMAS CROWL."

This significant missive he conveyed to Government House himself, giving it to the footman, with a gold piece, and stringent orders to deliver the document into his excellency's own hand.

The fellow had seen Crowl upon the previous day at the palace, and willingly undertook the office required of him.

He delivered the document to Lord Strathmere, as the latter crossed the hall on his way to luncheon.

His lordship's countenance grew livid as he perused the missive.

Cunning and cautious, he recognised in Crowl's movement an obstacle to his nefarious success.

At a later hour he summoned to him the convict-servant whom he had set as a spy upon his enemy, and whom he had deputed to destroy the latter.

The fellow gave a faithful report of all he had done and witnessed.

The baron was told of Crowl's visit to the notary, and he leaped to the correct conclusion that the document so perilous to him was in the notary's keeping.

" But how to get it?" was the problem that presented itself. " I shall have to work my cards cleverly. I shall be obliged to accept Crowl as my secretary until I can get hold of that paper. How to get rid of Carew—ah, I have it!"

Upon re-entering his library he examined into his official reports and looked over his despatches from England.

His secretary was writing at his desk. A sudden exclamation from his superior caused him to look up.

" More letters about the Norfolk Island abuses," said the governor-general impatiently. " I must send home explicit reports of the existing state of affairs, and inaugurate immediate reform. I ought to go to Norfolk Island in person, but I have had enough of the sea for the present. I must send some one whom I can trust, and I know no one so well fitted to go in my place as yourself, Mr. Carew."

The secretary looked pleased and flattered.

" There's a vessel going in two days' time," continued the governor-general. " I shall commission you with this business, and send you in her. To make a thorough investigation will require a fortnight at the island, during which time nothing must be allowed to escape your observation."

" I should be glad to go," said the secretary, pleased with the idea of having his name figure in official reports, and foreseeing future promotion from present zeal and diligence, " but your excellency will need me at home," and he glanced at the pile of documents on his desk. " These reports require immediate attention—"

" I will find some one to take your place here temporarily," interposed the baron, carelessly. " You will be of more benefit to me at Norfolk Island than here. It is settled, then? You will go?"

Mr. Carew assented.

The governor-general gave him no opportunity to reconsider his decision, and two days later Mr. Carew sailed for Norfolk Island.

The vessel had scarcely quitted Sydney Cove, when a messenger brought to Mr. Thomas Crowl a note from Lord Strathmere that his services would be required the next morning at Government House.

At the time appointed, Mr. Crowl presented himself at the Government residence.

A suit of black broadcloth, and the services of a barber, had wrought a great change in the outward appearance of Thomas Crowl.

He had an air of quiet assurance that sat well upon him.

He was shown to the private room of the governor, who was waiting to receive him.

(To be Continued.)

#### A CURIOUS EXPLOSION.

One of the most inexplicable explosions took place recently, at the Pine Iron Works, in Montgomery county, Pa., when a teamster tipped a cart load of hot cinders into a snow bank. This apparently innocent action produced an explosion which is described as "fearful." Houses a hundred yards away were shaken, and persons near by burned and cut by flying cinders.

#### CLAUDE BERNARD.

M. CLAUDE BERNARD, who died on February 10th, was one of the most famous of modern physiologists. He was the first who fully demonstrated the processes of digestion, and proved that the pancreatic juice is the agent which digests fatty substances; and that the blood on entering the liver, possesses no sugar, but has an abundance on leaving it, a discovery since turned to great account in the treatment of diabetes. He died at the age of sixty-five years.

#### PRESENT HAPPINESS.

The great secret of gaining happiness in life is to enjoy the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody.

It is better to be interested in inferior persons and inferior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own—the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades, more or less, all classes, and arises from errors of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

#### COMPLIMENTS TO WOMAN.

HERE is a bouquet of compliments: "There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbe, "woman and roses." Dessoix exclaims, "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourdon says, "The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Thackeray writes, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says, "Even the errors of a woman spring from her faith in the good."

Voltaire declares, "All the reasoning of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Lamartine asserts that "Women have more heart and imagination than men." Otway exclaims, "Oh, woman! lovely woman; nature made thee to temper man. We'd been brutes without you." To which Mark Twain adds, "But for you we should be nothing, for we should not be here."

#### THE HUMAN VOICE.

THE most beautiful and touching instrument which man has received from the hands of his benevolent Maker, is the voice. Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the chords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of the Alps inspire! If such be the case, how much greater must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a regulated fancy; we say a regulated fancy, for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affectation, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the service of the art, perverted to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.

#### SHOES.

THE feet are the great avenues of death to multitudes every year; cold feet, damp feet, wet feet give colds which settle on the lungs and light up the fires of consumption, which burn away until nothing is left but skin and bone, and the poor body falls into the grave, hence the importance of clothing the feet properly.

More than two thousand years ago the Jews made shoes of leather and wood while their soldiers sometimes formed them of brass and iron; the Egyptians used papyrus; the Chinese wore shoes made of silk, leather, rushes, iron, brass, wood, bark, gold and silver.

The Greeks and Romans used leather, reaching to the middle of the leg, sometimes however using only enough leather to cover the sole of the foot, black shoes were worn by ordinary persons, of rank, the women wore white, but on ceremonial days, the magistrates wore red shoes.

THE Emperor of China has been solicited by his people to change his dynastic title, in consequence of numerous national calamities, it being a superstition in China that changing a name will often appease the wrath of the deities.

## MODERN DICTIONARY.

**WITNESS Box.**—In a court of justice, a kind of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

**A Young Man of Talent.**—An impudent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable nonsense, a person without modesty, a noisy fellow, a speech maker.

**My Dear.**—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

**Lawyers.**—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself.

**Dentist.**—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

**The Grave.**—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

**Thin Shoes.**—Articles worn in winter by high-spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

**Money.**—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

**Rural Felicity.**—Potatoes and turnips.

**Fear.**—The shadow of hope.

**Honesty.**—An excellent joke.

## THE LOVE PACT.

## CHAPTER L.

ALTHOUGH the Marquis D'Aubron had been arrested, imprisoned, and subsequently brought to trial for the murder of the Norman maiden there were not wanting those who, had they known of his peril, would have at once taken steps to fully exonerate him of the foul charge.

But, however well affected these witnesses might have been towards the unfortunate old noble, they were precluded from testifying to his innocence by circumstances.

We must return for awhile to Robert Wilmer's discovery at the Moulin d'Or and his consequent action.

When the seemingly lifeless bodies of Hugh Mostyn and Georges Grandet were secured the first idea of the Yorkshireman was to try whether the few means he had at hand were sufficient to restore animation.

These remedies were simple and consisted in the lavish application of water to the brow and an endeavour to force some of the potent spirit contained in the engineer's travelling flask between the closely clinched teeth of each inanimate sufferer.

At first all was in vain. The pallid, clammy skin, the closed eyes, the absence of respiration and pulsation seemed to proclaim unmistakably that death had seized his victim.

But at last the strenuous and unremitting efforts of Wilmer were so far rewarded that he was enabled to detect a faint, fluttering heartbeat in the bosom of each of the young men.

Wilmer gave a long sigh of relief as he verified the hopeful prognostic.

He might safely now turn Hugh Mostyn and Georges Grandet over to other hands. If with his poor aid he had been able to reight the vital spark might not the grand appliances of science soon fan it into the full flame of glorious life again?

Meanwhile, relieved of this duty, had he not another to perform not less pressing?

The simple, trustful girl to whom the world had been so untender, where was she? Into what fresh peril was she plunged?

Having then seen the limp and motionless forms of Hugh and Georges deposited in the vehicle and about to start on the journey to the little town, Robert Wilmer prepared to make search in the direction of the forest for Eugénie.

The return of André at that moment stayed his design.

The young miller brought the welcome intel-

ligence that he had escorted Eugénie safely to the forester's cottage and placed her in charge of his rustic sweetheart, Margot.

The return of André seemed to Robert conclusive evidence of his good faith, and denying himself therefore for the present the pleasure of embracing his adopted sister, the young man accompanied his other and yet more helpless charges to the town.

Young Corbeau decided to go back to the cottage of his sweetheart's father.

He had no mind to stay at the mill after Wilmer's departure lest Marcel should return and reproach him with treachery.

Jacques Cochard was not thought of either by the engineer or by André. Both were far too much engrossed with their own affairs to spare any consideration for him.

The old schemer's doom was sealed by his enforced silence.

Had he possessed the power to raise but one cry, to strike but one resounding blow upon his prison door, there is but little doubt that Wilmer would have hastened to his rescue.

But the cruel, crafty agent he had employed for others' injury allowed him no power to raise feeble voice or nerveless hand.

Thus it was that Robert Wilmer with his charges and escort departed in one direction, while André Corbeau took the forest path, leaving the mill untenanted save by the miserable wretch who was expiating in indescribable tortures his crafty villainy.

Arrived at the inn medical aid was at once summoned.

The pert, dapper little French doctor who speedily made his appearance was, despite his somewhat dandified exterior, a man of consummate skill, and his immediately enlisted interest in a case so singular rendered him of still more avail.

Yet he shook his head with a dubious air when after many hours' trial of the most approved modes of resuscitation he was obliged to acknowledge that science could do no more.

"All depends now, Mr. Wilmer," he said, thoughtfully, "on the strength of constitution which the patients possess. I am far from hopeless. Both the sufferers have in their favour that glorious attribute, youth—divine youth; and one"—and he touched Hugh Mostyn's broad chest lightly with his attenuated finger—"has an incomparable physique—a magnificent strength beside. I think both will recover, but they will regain their fulness of life only through an ordeal of agonizing throes trying to contemplate. Who will watch by them to-night?"

"I myself," returned Wilmer.

"Bien. I will return at early morn and give them every hour I can spare from other patients. Morbleu! it isn't every day one gets such a case as this. How was this acrid vapour of death inhaled?"

Wilmer did not deem it advisable to satisfy the doctor's curiosity on this point and parried the question by professing not to comprehend it.

The young man thought a judicious reticence concerning the strange events which had recently transpired was the safest course until Hugh Mostyn had recovered sufficiently to assume the direction of affairs.

But this recovery was extremely gradual.

Day after day passed and the improvement effected in each seemed almost imperceptible. A full week elapsed before either of the victims of Jacques Cochard's nefarious attempt was able to realize his position in any degree.

The process of restoration so far was as the physician had predicted, marked by acute suffering.

It seemed as if life had been driven so far from its earthly stronghold towards the abyss of death that it had to fight its way back from the margin of that gloomy realm by constant and painful effort.

Even when it became evident to the watchful eyes of the doctor or Robert Wilmer that the sufferers had gained anew some consciousness of their surroundings, yet neither made any sign that such was the case.

Hugh and Georges were both in fact living corpses!

The terrible corrosion of the mephitic gas had for the time destroyed all the avenues by which the human soul has connection with the external world.

The young men could not speak, for fayed tongue and throat and parched lungs refused their office.

Their eyelids remained immovably closed over the enlarged and distorted balls which they covered.

Even the delicate organs of hearing had been assailed rudely, and a dull, surging murmur smote the ear alone in the place of words of comfort and hope.

Robert Wilmer watched unremittingly by the bedside of the men whom he had saved during those many weary days and nights.

It was not until he felt assured of Hugh's eventual recovery that the Yorkshireman decided to communicate with Lord Thanet.

He had taken the opportunity on two occasions when the physician assumed his place to visit Eugénie in her forest retreat.

The meeting was one of deep if quiet joy on either side.

It was not possible that they should forget the heavy clouds which lowered over those they loved.

Robert was able to afford Eugénie the welcome intelligence of the rescue of Hugh Mostyn from the mine, but did not tell her at the first interview of her lover's visit to the mill and his precarious state.

On a subsequent visit however he had done so with much precaution.

To the first emotions of distress which the news caused succeeded a strong determination on the part of Eugénie to fly at once to Hugh's sick-room; and she was only restrained from this course by the peremptory refusal of Wilmer to allow any such interview.

One morning as Robert sat between the couches of the two silent and motionless young men—for, from the limited accommodation of the little inn, both Hugh and Georges had been placed in the one best chamber—the spring sun, shining somewhat more strongly than was his wont, fell full on Captain Mostyn's pale face.

Feeling the influence might be injurious, Robert rose to adjust the window-blind.

At the moment he caught a sight which caused his heart to thrill with a deep joy.

The heavy eyelids rose as the genial warmth of the sunlight played over them and disclosed for an instant the full blue eyes, little less bright than of yore, of Hugh Mostyn.

They were revealed but momentarily, then the lids drooped again; but Robert Wilmer hailed the indication as an omen that at last his friend had been won back once more from the tomb.

As he returned from the window the servant of the inn entered to say that a gentleman—an Englishman—wished to see him.

Robert descended to one of the private rooms of the inn, where, as he had expected, he found the Earl of Thanet awaiting him.

The old peer had not received Wilmer's letter, having left England previously to its arrival there, and he had lost much time in consequence while discovering his son's and Wilmer's retreat.

A strange mixture of joy and trouble, hope and fear, was apparent in Lord Mostyn's demeanour.

Hugh had predominated at the time of his leaving his own country, for the strange intelligence he had received from Mrs. Orpen seemed a presage of happy days for both Hugh and himself.

But since the earl's landing on French soil circumstances had appeared adverse.

He had spent some days in vain search for Hugh, then he had visited the Château D'Aubron, only to find its inmates in desolation and that his old and loved friend was a prisoner on a capital charge.

More futile seeking for his son followed, and, now that the old man had at last discovered Hugh,

it was only to find him prostrate and scarcely a living man.

As briefly as possible Wilmer related the events which had occurred and described Captain Mostyn's present condition—somewhat more hopefully however than he would have done a short time before.

"Poor boy—poor boy," ejaculated the earl, evidently much affected, "and to think it was my doing, Wilmer, eh? That's the sting of the punishment. Unless Hugh recovers I have killed him. Gad, sir," he went on, with animation, as Wilmer seemed about to deprecate his self-accusation. "Don't say it isn't so, for I know it well. I have been a proud, obstinate, opinionated old man, and I can see it plainly enough now. Ah, if I had known what I know now. Well, well, at any rate I must save D'Aubriou, and at once. You must bring Eugénie here immediately, Mr. Wilmer. But first to see my dear boy. Don't endeavour to hinder me I tell you. I'll keep out of sight, and, even were he more conscious than you say he is, no harm would be done."

Wilmer led the way up the creaking stairs, but on reaching the landing found, to his surprise, the lad Jules posted outside the bedroom door, as if standing sentinel, his roguish countenance bearing an even more cunning look than usual.

"What are you doing here, my lad?" said Wilmer, with some sternness in his tone. "You know that this is not the hour when I admit you to see Mr. Grandet."

The poor grainy had evinced such fidelity to the young Parisian that Robert had not found the resolution to prohibit him from stealing into the room for a few minutes every morning, when the boy would sit by Georges's bed and fix his great wistful eyes on the young man's haggard face with the yearning fondness that lies in the eyes of a favourite dog as he watches the beloved master.

"Sh! monsieur," responded Jules, placing his finger on his lip. "Don't go in just now, please."

"Not go in? Is the boy mad?" said Wilmer, in astonishment, putting Jules on one side and laying his hand on the door knob.

As he did so the young man became aware of a low, soft murmur inside the chamber.

It did not seem human speech—still less the voice of song—but a strange, soft sound that appeared to combine all happiness and content, as does the coo of the brooding dove.

Very gently the young engineer opened the door and entered the room, followed closely by Lord Thanet.

Jules only succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of the interior of the chamber, but that seemed sufficient to yield him huge satisfaction.

"Hola!" he said as he slapped his thigh with a sounding thwack. "I knew it—I knew. Trust woman to do the business. Bal! talk of doctors and their nasty ptisans. You've done right, Jules, my boy, to bring a pleasanter remedy."

And, throwing one leg over the well-worn bannister, he slid down like lightning and rushed along the passage, singing in his chirpy little voice:

C'est l'amour, l'amour  
Qui fait le monde rouler.

The scene which met the eyes of the old peer and the Yorkshirer in that sick room was indeed one which struck them with extreme astonishment.

Seated by Hugh Mostyn's couch was a lady whose back was turned towards the intruders.

Nevertheless Robert recognised her immediately.

That small head, crowned with its magnificent wealth of raven hair, and set so proudly on the swan-like neck, that form whose willowy suppleness combined with a luxurious roundness of outline, the small and exquisitely moulded hand that rested on the chair arm, could but belong to one woman.

At a slight noise, caused by his approach, the

lady turned her head and verified Wilmer's conviction.

It was Eugénie.

Was it a troubled face—the countenance of a loving woman who gazes through bitter tears at the wreck of one she has long loved?

Ah, no!

The girl's regard was sunny as the spring sky without.

Perfect peace dwelt on the soft curves of her rosy lips, holiest hope in the pure lustre of her splendid eyes.

It was just it should be so, for had not Providence been very kind to her?

True, her beloved could never be hers, but was he not returned to the bright world, the sweet spring day, the songs of birds, and the opening flowers?

For Hugh Mostyn's eyes were unclosed now and fixed, with all of passion their weakness could contain, on the girl's lovely face, his broad palm held one of Eugénie's own little hands close to his lips, and the look of ineffable content on his face proved that the girl's fond monologue of love, which had ceased as the visitors' entered, had not fallen upon deaf ears.

Love had again worked one of its miracles of mercy.

Pygmalion's passion gave life to the statue of stone.

Eugénie's love, no less ardent but more timidly tender than that of the Grecian sculptor, had reanimated the breathing but unconscious form of the beloved one.

Yes, Jules was right.

At that moment the earl cried out, in irrepressible joy:

"Hugh, my boy! Thank Heaven you are once more restored to me!"

Eugénie started to her feet, her face flushing rosy with a conscious blush.

"Nay, nay, my dear young lady," said Lord Thanet, cordially, "don't be alarmed. I think I can guarantee that the doctor will forgive your visit to his patient, since it has effected what was beyond his power—given Hugh back to his father's embrace."

And he bent tenderly over the young man's couch.

Words of loving welcome were as yet wanting to the pale lips of him who lay helpless there, yet the weak, torture-strained eyes so lately opened again to heaven's brightness and earth's beauty, glanced at the old man's worn face with the full power of filial love.

Nor was Robert Wilmer unrecognised by those wistful orbs.

So expressive was the glance Hugh gave at the Yorkshirer's honest, manly countenance it almost seemed that by some strange, occult intuition he was aware that he again owed his rescue to this faithful friend.

From that time Hugh Mostyn recovered rapidly.

The power of speech returned, although his first tones were weak and faltering as those of early childhood.

Then as strength returned the young man became able to leave his couch and tread with unsteady steps the earth once more.

Georges Grandet did not regain any sign of conscious life until two days later than his friend, but, a start once made, his progress was more rapid than that of the soldier.

From the position in which the young men lay upon the floor of the prison-chamber when Jules had first discovered them it would appear that Georges had awakened first and struggled farthest from the point where the evil agent was pouring its noxious vapour into the chamber.

Thus the Parisian had fallen prone on the floor not far from the door, and consequently received the benefit of what air crept under its ill-fitting planks.

Hugh had arisen from his pallet later, and when he succumbed had fallen nearer to the fountain of death.

The latter days of the convalescence of the young men were anxious ones for Lord Thanet.

Meanwhile Eugénie had found a happiness she had supposed lost for ever.

It was not only that she was again with those true friends who had saved her in the darkest hour of her despair and protected her as if she had been of their own kith and kin, though the girl's joy at meeting Robert Wilmer and his mother, who as well as Mrs. Orpen had accompanied the earl, was deep and sincere.

No. It was that the love so long and secretly cherished, and then so tenderly clung to, so regrettably abjured, had at last a promise of fruition.

It was Hugh—her own Hugh—whose first weak words poured into her ear again the old vows—who told her that the pact was broken and Hélène D'Aubriou was caught to him. Nay, more. The girl could perceive that not only was this done by Lord Thanet's permission but that she had become in so short a space like a favoured daughter to the old man. Her wish was consulted in the arrangement of everything that was undertaken.

Mrs. Wilmer had carte-blanche in the matter of providing her with costly costumes and the pleasant little luxuries of wealth, and the old peer himself paid a visit to a large town at some little distance to procure a parure of pearl and sapphire and aigrettes of diamonds as a present for Eugénie.

The girl pondered deeply on this change of manner towards her, but found no explanation.

Hugh was as much surprised as Eugénie herself at his father's altered bearing, although the effects of it were very pleasant to him; and when he first saw her he loved in the luxurious attire which became her so well the young man thought that never amongst the fairest scions of the proud aristocracy of his own land had he seen one who would so nobly fill the high rôle of the mistress of Mostyn as this Norman paysanne.

The enthusiastic praises of Georges Grandet strengthened this impression, for the young Parisian asseverated that had his heart not been already irrecoverably engaged he should have inevitably lost it to the village maiden.

He also imparted to Hugh his fixed idea that Eugénie was of the race of the D'Aubrions. The girl's likeness to Hélène grew upon him, he said, day by day.

Each therefore impatiently awaited the earl's visit to his old friend, when they fondly hoped all enigmas would be solved.

## CHAPTER LI.

"LET Jacques Cochard be produced!"  
He comes with a strange slowness.

A dull murmur of many voices, a sound of many feet is heard in the corridor without.

Surely they are not escorting an important witness as though he were a criminal?

The marquis carried himself with all his old, stately pride of port. He turned his dark eyes towards the direction of the tumult that they might encounter the traitor at his entrance and blast him with their indignant lightning.

There is no need, old man. Not the bitterest doom which thou couldst have adjudged thy foe—not the worst tortures to which thou mightest have decreed the destroyer of thy happiness and honour—could have approached the dire and innumerable agonies which fate has allotted to this man of evil heart.

Through the open door four gendarmes paced slowly, bearing between them a litter covered with a black cloth, whose sombre folds swept the pavement and indicated a bier.

What was under that sable drapery?

It could scarcely be a human form, for in place of the rigid, extended outline of a corpse this pall was but elevated in the centre as by a heap of stones or a mound of mouldering bones.

At a word from the president two of the gendarmes drew back the black cloth.

The sight revealed sent an irresistible thrill of horror through the crowded court.

The faces of the president and the procureur blanched to an ashen pall; men shuddered and women shrieked or swooned. Confusion and

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tumult reigned around. Expressions of horror, of terror, of pity, surged up from every quarter.

Hélène had caught one glimpse of the sight of terror, and with thoughtful presence of mind had placed her hand over the eyes of the marchioness while she begged her to avert them.

But of all the spectators the Marquis D'Aubrion seemed the most overwhelmed at the awful memento of humanity.

No look of triumph sat on his features, no exultation that the man who had so foully wronged him had met his deserts.

"Tis true the old soldier's eye did not blench nor waver as they surveyed the contorted, shrivelled mass, which had once worn the form of humanity, but which the torture rigidity of the supreme parting pangs had stiffened into the ghastly semblance of some petrified octopus, beyond the utmost power of any kindly hands to compose into the decent, decorum, of the dead.

No. The marquis had seen the destroyer in too many of his fatal forms to recoil at even one so awful as that which he now contemplated; but the words he uttered showed that at that moment his magnanimous heart forgave and pitied.

"Ciel! how just are the dispensations of Providence!" he said, aloud. "Poor wretch! What torture must thou have endured! May thy earthly agony plead for thee at the throne of the Most High!"

"What means this fearful spectacle?" said the president, addressing one of the gendarmes.

"These are the mortal remains of Jacques Cochard, notary, monsieur," responded the man with military precision, "which we discovered in a deserted mill called the Moulin d'Or!"

"How know you that it is he?"

"By papers contained herin, Monsieur le Président," said the gendarme, depositing a wallet on the president's desk.

"How came he by his death?"

"It is probable that he was murdered, monsieur, but at present nothing can be learned with certainty. The family of Corbeau, who held the mill, has fled, but we have not been able to ascertain how the deceased came to the mill nor who murdered him.

"An apparatus to generate noxious chemical vapours, by which he died, was found in the next room to that wherein the deceased was secured, but by whom the machinery of death was prepared we know not."

"Remove the body. We will inquire into this further presently," said the president, with a perceptible shudder.

Then he turned to the marquis, and said, sternly, with that partisanship that so often marks the conduct of French judges:

"Accused, is this also your evil handiwork? It seems all too probable."

"I pardon you the gratuitous insult, Monsieur le Président," responded the marquis, solemnly. "That man now dead has wrought me grievous wrong, but I had no hand in his cutting off. Nay, more, I regret that his sin-spotted soul has been so untimely sent to its dread account."

"This Cochard was the man who denounced you to justice. We have heard of him. He was an inoffensive man who had no enemies. Who but yourself was interested in bringing him to his violent end?"

"I am not upon my trial for the murder of Jacques Cochard," responded the marquis, coldly.

"C'est vain, but this death affects the matter in hand so intimately that I must allude to it."

"Monsieur le Président," interposed the Procureur Impérial, "the trial must be adjourned. In the absence of the evidence of the witness Cochard I require time to examine his papers, in which doubtless matters comprising the Marquis D'Aubrion will be discovered. Moreover, it is not improbable that the guilt of this new crime may be brought home to the accused in consequence of my perquisition in the notary's memoranda."

"You are perfectly right and in order, Monsieur le Procureur," replied the president. "I will see that you have the necessary interval for inquiry."

As he spoke a slight buzz of sensation rose on one side of the crowded court and a hum far louder upon the opposite one—each the confused yet audible whispering of many tongues—curious, admiring, sympathetic.

For on the one hand Hélène, having soothed the marchioness into at least temporary calm, had returned to the court to appeal to the president in her mother's behalf.

The classic beauty of the girl's pale, clear-cut, statuesque countenance, thrown into pronounced relief by the sombre hue of her flowing robes, evoked a murmur of piping admiration from the spectators whom she passed.

She stopped abruptly, a sign from the president, into whose ear a hiss was whispering, with more interested energy than was usual to one of those cold tools of the law.

The countenance of the president assumed an expression of profound astonishment.

Then he made an affirmative gesture.

The official retired with a pace far more accelerated than his usual stately step.

He returned immediately, ushering a lady into the seat provided for witnesses.

A woman in the first bloom of youth, tall and instinct with that stately grace which is usually the concomitant of patrician birth.

Her face was "divinely fair," with the rich beauty of a brunette, and flushed with the rosy light of happiness and the glow of excitement.

In her rich habiliments, with jewels sparkling at ear and throat, she looked a very queen.

What a contrast to the pallid, despairing, sable-clad woman who stood on the opposite side of the court!

Yes, what a contrast, but—what a resemblance!

Fresh murmurs rose from those around as they marked this.

Though the countenances of these girls differed somewhat when viewed full face, their profiles might have been those of twin sisters.

But the surprise of those present at the resemblance was no nothing to the profound astonishment depicted on the visage of the Marquis D'Aubrion at the lovely apparition which faced him.

"Eugénie!"

His voice rang out loudly and his outstretched arms were extended towards the new-comer.

Again an irresistible murmur of excitement surged round the court.

"Eugénie?" people whispered to their neighbours. "Then the marquis is innocent!"

The huissiers stilled the tumult and the president called upon the stranger for her testimony.

"You are Eugénie Delolme?" he said, interrogatively. "Are you the person of whose supposed murder the Marquis D'Aubrion stands accused?"

"I am, Monsieur le Président," replied the girl, speaking with calm self-possession. "My friends have only just learned the terrible charge which has been made or it would have been contradicted earlier."

"What proof have I that you are the person whom you represent yourself to be? Does any one in the court know you?"

"None, I believe, Monsieur le Président, save the marquis himself. But it can be easily proved. Let Madame Christine, whose kindly care cherished me in infancy and youth, be recalled and she will not fail to recognise me. Or, if she is not now within the precincts of the court, perhaps the evidence of my friends, the Earl of Thanet, an English peer, Captain Hugh Mostyn, his son, Monsieur Georges Grandet, of Paris and Marseilles, Madame Wilmer, and Monsieur Robert Wilmer, her son, will be sufficient proof of my identity."

Eugénie drew her slight form up proudly as she ran through the bead-roll of her friends.

How changed she looked, and how well the change became her.

No longer the poor, unfriended French exile, but a radiant beauty of a true patrician type.

Her very voice, always sweet and tunable, seemed to have gained a clearer ring, a more assured calmness—the gift of love and hope.

Madame Christine was not in the court, and the judge desired verification of the identity of the witness.

Captain Hugh Mostyn was the first summoned.

Very pale was his cheek, very feeble his faltering steps as the young man crossed the court.

Yet even the terrible ordeal through which he had passed so recently had not materially detracted from the imposing appearance of his noble physique.

"What a handsome man! Pity that he is un Anglais," whispered the women. "Ciel! he has the noble air!"

At sight of the young soldier the marquis sank down on his chair with a low groan and covered his face with his hand.

Hugh's appearance called up all the old man's misery and degradation.

What was it to him that he should be declared innocent?

Was the life worth having which he—a ruined man—must spend in poverty and disgrace?

In few words Hugh Mostyn told his story. He stated that he had first become acquainted with Mademoiselle Eugénie Delolme at the residence of her aunt, Madame Christine, and touched sufficiently upon the subsequent events attending the girl's residence in England to prove her identity beyond question—in fact, the young man's testimony clearly convinced the judge upon the point.

Nevertheless, so interested had the procureur become in the strange drama that he elected to hear Eugénie's other friends, and they therefore came successively into court to add their quota of evidence.

At sight of Georges Grandet Hélène's pallid face assumed a roseate glow, which passed away insensibly into a whiteness yet more deathly as she avoided the eloquent glance which the young Parisian threw in her direction.

All was over now, she told her heart. She, the penniless daughter of a ruined house, the disgraced child of a father who had sat on the banc d'accusé, she would never bring infamy to the man she loved so well by uniting her fate with his.

In the downfall of the D'Aubrion House her pride was too great for such an act.

She did not raise her eyes again while Georges, with easy fluency, added his quota to the burden of proof, and the young man's assured, hopeful expression became clouded as he retired without gaining even one little glance from her who was all the world to him.

The examination of the other English witnesses was not proceeded with, as Madame Christine, having returned in the interim, was again brought forward, and her irrefragable testimony settled the matter.

After a few formal proceedings the innocence of the accused was formally proclaimed.

A murmur of satisfaction took place among the auditors.

It was evident their sympathies had turned strongly in favour of the fine old soldier who, after a life spent in battling for his fatherland, had fallen, upon times so evil.

But the marquis seemed unconscious or careless of his popularity.

The panegyric of the judge fell on unheeding ears.

The kindly looks of those around moved him not.

With his head sunk on his palms the old man sat still and motionless, even when told that he was free to depart.

(To be Continued.)

THE raising and manufacture of tobacco in America furnishes employment to one million persons.



[THE BETTER DOWRY.]

## KATHIE'S WEDDING DOWRY.

"ONLY one silk, and that not new. Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful;" and Mrs. Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a spiteful little shake. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window, laughed.

"What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she said.

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her, "if you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married, without a decent change of clothing! I declare, it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montagu comes of one of the best families and he'll be rich one of these days."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.

Her aunt scowled contemptuously.

"But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montagu, of Oaklands, will think of you, when she sees your marriage outfit?"

"Not one whit less than she thinks of me today," answered Kathie, stoutly.

Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn.

"You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change

your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridegroom himself will feel ashamed of you, when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, in the grand parlours, at Oaklands."

Kathie winced, but she answered, bravely: "I don't believe Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me."

"Wait until he sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright, brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure, I never looked shabby in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the ruffled white apron, and linen cuffs and collar, were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right, she never did look shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers and black tuft of a canary.

Yet, these garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical.

But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to a woman than beauty or fortune; which enables her, by the mere skill of her own willing fingers, and artist soul, to make her life, her home, her own person, "a thing of beauty and joy for ever."

Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, and tumbled their plumes and laces,

and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure by the window with a half-admiring, half-contemptuous smile.

"You're rather a pretty girl, Kathie, and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful, upon my word. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you are Charles Montagu's wife? Why, when I was a bride, I had everything: a round dozen silks of every hue, poplins, merinos, tissues, and half a dozen sort of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I tell you."

Kathie said nothing.

She bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears.

"Such a simpleton as you've been," her aunt continued, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away. I declare, it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head, and he, and his wife and children, turned into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly: "he could have rented a house easily enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't hear to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."

"Very well, I shall try not to care either. I shan't help you: I told you that in the beginning; I can't afford it, and even if I could, I should not feel it my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless, you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear that garnet set of Josephine's."

"I don't want any lace, I've some that belonged to mamma, and I wouldn't wear Josephine's garnets for anything."

"Oh, very well; don't snap my head off, I beg; you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you! You won't wear any hat, either, I suppose; how about that?"

"I have plenty of trimming; I shall fix up that light felt I wore last winter."

"And your wrapping? where's that to come from, pray?"

Kathie's tears were gone, her brown eyes flashed like stars.

"I intend to make a jacket of grandfather's old overcoat," she replied.

Her aunt threw back her head, and laughed heartily.

"Grandfather's old overcoat! oh, that is too good! What would Mrs. Montagu, of Oaklands, say to that? Kathie, child, what a goose you are."

Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and, going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut out into nice strips for trimming; I can make a handsome jacket out of it; and I think," she added, softly, "grandpapa would like me to have it, if he knew."

"Grandpapa, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory, after the manner he treated you. Never leaving you a penny, after you nursed him, and slaved for him as you did."

"I think he intended to leave me something," said Kathie. "I know he did, but he died so suddenly, and there was some mistake."

"Oh, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions; he had lots of money, everybody knows that; it has all gone to that scape-grace Dugald, and you haven't a shilling for your wedding dowry."

"Charlie won't mind that," said Kathie, her cheeks blooming like a rose.

"Won't he? Don't tell me, child. Every one thought you would be old Tom Rowland's heiress, when you first met him. Ten to one

he'd ever have given you a second thought but for that. Now that he's disappointed, he's too much of a man to back out, of course, but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me!"

Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to rip it apart. Her wedding day was drawing near, there was no time to lose. Mrs. Grayson settled herself on the lounge for her afternoon nap; the big Maltese cat purred the rug, the canary chirped lazily in his cage, and without, above the waving line of the trees, the December sunset glowed.

Kathie began to rip the closely-stitched seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad and downcast. Aunt Grayson's worldly-wise talk had put her out of heart.

All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright.

"You're a dear child, Kathie; by-and-bye, when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a marriage dowry."

He had said so dozens of times, yet, after his sudden death, one midwinter night, there was no mention of Kathie found in his will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think grandpapa had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it, there was some mistake.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead, and went abroad, she gathered up all the old souvenirs, and took care of them. The old, fur-trimmed overcoat was one.

Then, lodging at her aunt's, she taught the village children, in the little brown school-house on the hill, and saved up her earnings for her marriage day. For Charles Montagu loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.

The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning, with a fluttering heart, to think about making her purchases when her brother George fell ill; and worse, fell into trouble. He was a thrifless man, and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be lifted, the house would be sold over his head.

Kathie heard, and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.

She did not regret her generosity, sitting there in the glow of the waning sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's loyal truth; yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes.

It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding-day so near. Her wardrobe was limited. She needed a nice, seal-brown cashmere dreadfully; and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Grayson told the truth; she would look shabby in the grand parlours, at Oaklands, in the midst of Charlie's stately sisters!

The tears came faster, and presently the little, pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, slipped suddenly, and cut a great gash right across the breast of the coat.

Kathie gave a little shriek of dismay.

"There now, I've spoiled the best of the cloth, I can't get my jacket out; what shall I do?"

Down went the bright, young head, and, with her face buried in grandpapa's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Grayson snored on the lounge, the Maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and, out above the wintry hills, the sunset fires burned.

Her cry out, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her ripping. Something rustled under her hands.

"Why, what's this? Some of poor grandpapa's papers!"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a package, done up in parchment, and tied with red tape.

Kathie drew it forth. One side was marked. "This package belongs to my grand-daughter, Kathie."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering, as she tugged at the tape.

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—a round dozen at least, and a thick layer of bank-notes. On the top, a little note. She read it.

"My dear little grand-daughter, here is your marriage dowry. Two thousand pounds. One day, some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from old grandpapa."

"Oh, grandpapa, you did not forget me?" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door startled her. She looked out, and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come in quick; I've such wonderful news to tell you."

The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow; "see here, I am rich? I've found my marriage dowry. A minute ago I was crying because I was so poor. I had to give George all my money, and I've only one silk; and I had to trim my old hat over, and auntie laughed at me so, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up grandpapa's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this; only see, two thousand pounds! Oh, Charlie! I am so glad for your sake."

The young man bent down, and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth.

"My darling," he said, his voice thrilling with tenderness; "I am glad of all this, because you are glad. For my own part, I would rather have taken these darling little hands without a shilling in them. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty, and purity, and goodness. In my eyes, you are always fresh, and fair, and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, my darling."

Kathie let the folded coupons and bank-notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.

"Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder; "I am so glad." "Glad of what, Kathie? Grandpapa's dowry?"

"No; glad you love me for myself."

He clasped her close, and at their feet grandpapa's marriage dowry lay unheeded.

E. G. J.

#### AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Most wives after the year or two of wedded life admit to themselves—if not to one or two personal friends—that husbands differ essentially from lovers in their deportment toward the chosen of their hearts. The small, sweet courtesies which make the lover so irresistible are forgotten or put aside, and the husband makes anybody else welcome to perform such offices for his wife, so long as he is not interfered with in the enjoyment of his newspaper and cigar; the friend, the guest, the casual stranger turns the wife's music, opens the wife's parasol, runs the wife's trivial errands. The next one handy is the convenient person, on whom these little duties devolve in too many instances.

The wife's reign is short enough; and now she who was a sovereign lady must minister to the wants of her former slave—now her lord. She does not doubt her husband's fealty. She knows that he is ready for all the big things of life; but she who longs for the every day demonstration of love, would rather have the little things. To her it is not the great sacrifice, the all day work and weariness, that constitute evidence of affection, but what was evidence now, and only that—just these little cares that warmed her girlish heart—the things he would be doing for her and her personality alone. And now he is indifferent and careless—not only when they are alone but—worst sting of all—when in company.

Woman's pride is usually equal to her love. She cannot bear that others should see her husband's neglect of her; she wants people to see by his outward demeanour that she has been able to preserve his love.

The small courtesies of other men do not compensate for his neglect.

In rare instances women are to blame for this state of affairs; a vixen or a sloven cannot hope to retain her husband's love and respect. But as a rule it is the man not the woman who ignores the graceful attentions which sweeten life.

It is the wife who tries to make home what it should be, and herself as pleasant an object as may be in her lord's eyes, and it is often by this very course of hers that his neglect has come about. She has pampered him till he forgets to pamper in return. Yet she rarely complains; what love does not render as a free-will offering she will go without; but if her husband knew what she suffered in going without, it would never be withheld, for his neglect usually has its origin in thoughtlessness, or perhaps the fault lies with his parents.

Most boys are trained to an utter disregard of the feelings of others. The sympathetic and considerate are not in their line.

#### PINS.

THE earliest mention which I remember of pins is in the book of *Isaiah*. The prophet is reproving the Jewish women for wearing so much fine apparel when they ought to have been mourning. In the twenty-second verse of the third chapter, he speaks of "the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins."

And this was about two thousand, six hundred years ago. The Roman ladies, too, used to wear pins in their hair, and they were not unknown even among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Then, however, they were very rare, and considered quite a luxury, and used only by the highest families in the land.

The pins that I have referred to above are hairpins, and it is not until the reign of Richard the Third that pins of the present shape are heard of, and these were made of boxwood, bone or silver, and were much larger than those now in use.

The reign of Henry VIII. may be regarded as the era when the ordinary brass pins were first manufactured in any quantity. That they had begun to attract attention then, is apparent from the fact that a law was passed that in future none were to be sold but such as were well pointed and had their heads put firmly on. It was also mentioned in the Act that the price charged should not exceed 6s. 8d. per thousand, which was a very large sum, considering how much more money was then worth than it is at the present day.

Catherine Howard, wife of King Henry VIII., introduced to the English the fashion of using pins; and so expensive an item were they considered, that ladies were allowed a separate sum for their purchase. This is the origin of the term "pin-money."

The principal place for the manufacture of pins during many years was Gloucester, which was able to make at one time almost all the pins that were required. But as the demand for them increased year by year, the trade spread by degrees to other towns.

Before the invention of machinery, the best way of producing pins was to divide the labour amongst ten people—four men, four women and two children—who could make ten pounds, or about fifty-five thousand of average size in eight hours. It has been estimated that about thirty years ago there were about fifteen million pins manufactured daily in England, or in the course of a year four billions, six hundred and ninety-five million.

Reckoning the average length of a pin at one inch, the number made daily, placed end to end, would reach two hundred and thirty-six miles, or from London to Birmingham and back; or

those made in the course of a year, placed in the same manner, would reach nearly three times round the world.

Now, to give you an idea of the gigantic increase in the demand for pins, I may mention that the number made daily at the present time is reckoned to be at least fifty million, which in a year gives a total of fifteen billion, six hundred and fifty million, a quantity of which neither you nor I can form the slightest conception. And yet, now-a-days, hardly a fourth the number of persons are employed in their manufacture which you would have found busily engaged in the trade many years ago.

How can this be? you ask.

To answer you satisfactorily, I should have to take you to see one of the cleverest machines ever invented, which can turn out three hundred perfect pins every minute, while it takes only one man and a boy or two to attend to ten or twelve of these busy little instruments.

And now let us see how pins are made. The brass of which they consist is first formed into wire, and in order to make it the right size it is drawn through several holes in a steel block, each hole it passes through being smaller than the previous one, till at length the wire becomes thin enough to cut up into pins. It is then wound round large rollers, made up into bundles and delivered to the pin-makers. But what a change we see now in the factory from what used to be!

One little machine alone does more than double the work which ten persons used to do in days of yore. This machine first strengthens the wire, a hammer then strikes the top part two or three times, forming a head; immediately after, a knife cuts off the proper length, and the pin drops down into a kind of trough large enough to let the body fall through, but too narrow for the head to escape. As the pin lies in this position, revolving files sharpen the point; and when it falls into the pan made for its reception it is far more perfectly formed than the most skilful workman in the world could have made it before the invention of machinery.

In the time of our grandmothers the heads of the pins, which were formed of a separate coil of wire, never could be persuaded to keep long in their proper position, but would either come off altogether or move gradually down towards the point. But I am pretty sure you have not had many play you such tricks, and for the very good reason that it is part and parcel of the pin itself.

In order to give pins the silvery look they have when new, they are boiled in a preparation of tin, mixed with acid and other substances, for about two hours and a half, then sifted, and dried, and separated from one another. After this they are made up into packets, or stuck in rows on paper, ready for sale.

C.

### FACTIÆ.

#### EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

(A Tale of the Times.)

He was a widower, newly-made.

His friends—the unmarried ones—concluded that he must be disconsolate and lonely, and one of them called upon him, and, after a little delicate preamble, said :

" You should get married again, you know."

" Eh?"

" I say you should get married again. I've got some one in my eye for you."

" Oh, you have, have you?" said the widower. " Has she got a nose of the purest Grecian type?"

" She has, on my honour."

" And on her face too, I suppose. Has she cherry lips, coils of lustrous golden hair, and large languishing eyes?"

" All these beauties she possesses."

" Yes; but does she in addition own a complexion of spotless purity, and a figure which might serve a painter as a model?"

" Well, yes."

" Then," cried the widower, apparently satisfied, " she will suit, sir. I don't care a rush about such frivolities myself, but my late wife spent so much time acquiring the personal advantages I have mentioned, that I never had a button on my shirts the whole time she was with me. So when she left me I took a solemn oath, that my next wife should be a beauty ready-made.

—*Funny Folks.*

#### "VAPID VEGETABLE LOVERS."

(Scene—Tea-Room at Fancy-Ball.)

UNCLE JONES (who is chaperoning his niece): "What are you, my dear?"

PRETTY NIECE: "Oh! I am a salad, uncle John! See, there's Endive and Lettuce, and Spring Onions, and Radishes, and Beetroot, Nothing wanting, is there?"

U. J. "H'm!—ah!—perhaps a little more dressing, my dear?"

LET'S 'OPEN SO.

A TELEGRAM dated Paris, 4th March, states that "all eyes are turned to England, in the conviction that upon her next step will depend the alternative of European peace or European war." We can only trust that the steps taken by England will be connected with the ladder of fame. The fact that tenders are invited for 1,576,000 lbs. of soap certainly looks as though the Government were desirous of making a clean job of it.

—*Fun.*

#### TRADE CIRCULAR.

MR. BULL begs to announce that he is about to modify operations in the foreign department of his extensive wholesale and retail business.

A heavy failure in Turkey, and a bad debt of six millions, has led this old-established house to the conclusion that the export and foreign trade can no longer be profitably conducted.

Many large foreign houses—Romanoff and Co., Hohenzollern and Sons—having opened Eastern branches and taken in new partners of an active and enterprising turn, Mr. Bull finds it useless to compete with them at a heavy loss, and will, therefore, in the main, limit his transactions in future to goods for colonial and home consumption.

The wholesale department, near Westminster Bridge, will still be conducted by Mr. Bull's manager, Beaconsfield, for the present.

The sub-manager, Derby, will execute foreign commissions; but for these orders Mr. Bull wishes it to be generally understood that he cannot renew long-dated bills, or discount the paper of foreign houses, to the same extent as heretofore.

In reply to Indian communications, Mr. Bull begs to state that he will, to a certain extent, keep them open, and will continue to transact business with the Indian houses still on his ledger; but he positively declines to open new accounts in the present depressed condition of affairs.

Mr. Bull seizes the opportunity of informing his friends that the only extension of trade contemplated is the opening of an Egyptian department, to which the energies of the firm will be specially devoted.

N.B.—Further particulars at an early date.

#### POPPING THE QUESTION.

MEHITABLE MERIT, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had the chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

" Why," thought she, " I wonder what he's come for; can it be—"

But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind.

" How do you do, Miss Merit?"

" Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. But I feel a little lonely now and then."

" You see, as I was coming by, I thought I'd step in and ask you a question about, about—"

" I suppose," thought Mehitable, " he means about the state of my heart."

" The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, " I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange."

" Oh, no," simpered Mehitable; " I don't think

it at all strange, and in fact I have been expecting it."

" Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, " I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

" His heart, he means," said Mehitable, aside. " Well, sir," she continued, aloud, " it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

" What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon, in amazement. " I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me."

" I beg your pardon," said the discomfited lady, " but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else."

" If," said Solomon, " there's anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it."

" Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Mehitable, colouring. " Good-morning."

A TELEGRAM with these words, "Governor of Queensland—twins, first son," it seems should have been, " Governor Queensland turns first son." The telegraph is rivalling the compositor."

#### THE LATEST IMPOSSIBILITIES.

To butter the roll of a drum.

To tan the bark that is "on the sea."

To "bury past animosities" in Kensal Green.

To buy the "stamp of originality" at the post-office.

To smoke a pipe of wine.

To make a waistcoat of the skin of the "seal of secrecy."

To extract the "teeth of the wind."

To promote the "counts of an indictment" to be dukes.

To bail out a prisoner who is a dry humorist.

To sleep comfortably on a bed of oysters.

To cut through a log of wood with a "wise saw."

To sew a peak on a percussion cap.

To dry the tears of a "crying injustice."

To light your cigar at a "burning shame."

To induce a "standing joke" to sit down.

THE man who comes to the station two minutes behind time, and sees the railway train scudding out at the other end, derives no satisfaction from the proverb: " Better late than never."

#### SHORT AND SWELL.

" We had short-cake for tea," said a little girl to a neighbour's boy, to whom she was talking through the fence.

" So did we," he answered; " very short—so short it didn't go round."

#### CRUEL!

" Now then," said a physician cheerfully to a patient, " you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—"

" No you don't, doctor," interrupted the patient; " I've suffered enough on your gruel and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

#### SACRIFICES TO SLANG.

AMONG British Interests one which may be considered of no small importance is the interest of the English language.

In that interest really an answer is due to the question put as follows in a letter to the Editor of the "Times"—

" Sir,—I do not know how it may have struck your readers, but Mr. Forbes's proposal to call his reconnoitring force 'scouts' rather grates upon my feelings. The proposal itself is excellent; but why not adopt the word 'guides'?—I am yours obediently, H. A."

Consult your Johnson, H. A., and you will find the words "scout" and "guide" respectively defined as follows:—

" Scout, n. s. (escort, Fr., from esconter). One who is sent privily to observe the motions of the enemy."

" Guide, n. s. (guide, Fr., from the verb).

1. One who directs another in his way. 2. One

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who directs another in his conduct. 3. Director, regulator."

And you will find this further definition relative to the word "scout":—

"To Scout, v. n. (from the noun). To go out in order to observe the motions of an enemy privately."

Hence you may discern that "scout" is exactly the proper appellation for a soldier on reconnoitring service, and that "guide" is not.

You say that "scout" grates upon your feelings. Why?

Perhaps because you have heard it used in a dyslogistic sense as synonymous with "scamp," which it may have become from being, in Oxford slang, a name for a usually knavish attendant equal to "Gyp" at the other University.

In somewhat the same sense an absurd or improper proposal is commonly said to be "scouted" — meaning reprobated with contempt.

But why give in to these modern perversions of words?

#### HIS IDEA.

Two farmers residing in the Isle of Thanet met the other morning, when to the surprise of one he noticed his friend's knuckles were bleeding.

"Why whatever have you been up to?" quoth he.

"Fighting the waggoner's mate," replied the other.

"But surely, old friend," said his neighbour, "you've never hit the poor lad as hard as that?"

"No," was the reply, "the idiot ducked his head, and I hit the wall." That was his idea of a fight.

#### UNIFORMITY.

THE Volunteers want their uniform uniform. At present they are clothed in grey, in green, and in scarlet. The suggestion is that the War office should, to adapt a line of Shakespeare's, "the universal corps incarnadine, making the green (and the grey) one red."

—Funny Folks.

#### ALLITERATIONS ARTFUL AID.

THE Ladies' Sanitary Association have published no less than 1,213,000 tracts, one of the most successful of which is entitled "Dress: Its Fetter, Frivolities, and Follies." Its alliterative authoress has, we understand, two similar productions nearly ready, entitled:

"Servant Girls: Their Inactivity, Insolence, Insubordination, and Incomprehensible Incapacity;" and

"Cheap Food: Its Disadvantages, Dangers, Deleterious Disguises, and Digestive Disasters."

#### THE MONTH'S FOLLET.

THE reason why articles of travelling attire require renewing oftener than other things is because they are generally worn out the very first time they are put on.

In muslins, imitations of woollen fabrics, representing granite, streaked marble, malachite, and Scotch pebble are a-stone-ishly popular.

Double-faced ribbons are in favour—probably because they can lie conveniently under any circumstances.

In bonnets, the Marie-Stuart is worn over a border—another revival of an old fashion. More than three centuries have elapsed since the Marie-Stuart was first "over the border."

The becoming Gainsborough hat is becoming old-fashioned.

Square crowns are coming round again. Absinthe is much admired for its spirituelle appearance.

A new colour in silk glacé is jus de tabac. It is obviously adapted for pipings.

The clocks on stockings are not yet stopped, though perhaps they are sometimes just a little fast.

There is no particular fashion in the colour of the hair this month, so ladies may consult their own tastes, and dye any colour they like; such shades, however, as blue, green, purple, or pink should be avoided as likely to cause remark.

#### STATISTICS.

**RAILWAYS.**—According to some statistics published, the total length of railways in the world at the end of 1876 was 184,002 miles, of which Europe possessed 89,430 miles; America, 83,420 miles; Asia, 7,689 miles; Australia, 1,924 miles; and Africa, 1,519 miles. The United States had 74,095 miles; Germany, 17,181 miles; Great Britain, 16,794 miles; France, 13,492 miles; Russia, 11,553 miles; Austria, 10,852 miles; Italy, 4,815 miles; and Turkey, 960 miles. The railway system in India was 6,527 miles in length; while Canada had 4,200 miles; the Argentine Republic, 990 miles; Peru, 970 miles; Egypt, 975 miles; and Brazil, 886 miles. The "Economiste Français" calculates that at the end of 1876 the capital invested in the European railways amounted to £2,077,200,000, and in those of America, Australia, Asia, and Africa, £1,186,500,000, making a total for the railways of the whole world of £3,262,700,000. The European railways were credited with the possession of 42,000 locomotives, 90,000 passenger carriages, and 900,000 luggage trucks, in which were conveyed during 1876 1,140,000,000 passengers and 5,400,000,000 tons of goods.

#### TICKLENESSEN.

Oh, Jeanie, ne'er I dreamt of this,  
That you, I thought so kind and  
true,  
Could tell me that your parting kiss,  
Was given, and this our last adieu.  
What serpent's tongue to thee has  
spoken

Words that make us both to part;  
And cause so lightly to be broken  
Vows once sworn to, heart to heart?

Memory, why take me back again  
To places where we used to stray;  
When every little birdie's strain  
Was sweetest music on my way.  
When every little flower that grew  
Had charms that I had never seen;  
And nature's look was something new,  
So lovely green each woodland scene.

But why repine? There's beauty still  
In woodland's dell, in streamlet's flow;  
And there are maids who can and will  
Try to love me if you go.  
But, bear in mind, it was your will,  
And though I own once dear you  
were,  
No more my heart thy form shall fill—  
I want no fickle plaything there.

S. B. N.

#### GEMS.

Such as have virtue always in their mouth, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp which emits a sound pleasing to others, while its own body is wholly insensible to the music produced.

No hope so bright but it is the beginning of its own fulfilment.

A MAN is called selfish, not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbours.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter work hard for poor pay.

PRIDE emanates from a weak mind. You never see a man of strong intellect proud and haughty. Just look about you. Who are the most given to this folly? Not the intelligent and talented, but the weak-minded and the silly.

USEFULNESS is confined to no station, and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**CARAMEL SAUCE.**—Into half a pint of boiling water put six ounces of loaf sugar, a stick of cinnamon, a little lemon juice, and three cloves, and boil for five minutes. Then add two ounces more of loaf sugar which have been dissolved, and boil until brown, with this; give one boil, remove from the fire and stir in three spoonfuls of sherry.

**BAKED HAM.**—Make a thick paste of flour and water (not boiled) and cover the entire ham with it, bone and all; put in a pan, on a spider, or two muffin rings, or anything that will keep it an inch from the bottom, and bake in a hot oven; if a small ham, fifteen minutes for each pound; if large, twenty minutes; the oven should be hot when put in. The paste forms a hard crust round the ham, and the skin comes off with it. Try this, and you will never cook a ham in any other way.

**RULES FOR THE SICK ROOM.**—1. Bring in fresh flowers of something new every day; even the commonest green thing is better than nothing. 2. Don't talk about anything unpleasant. Talk about something that will lead the patient's thoughts away from his aches and pains, and leave him in a cheerful state of mind. 3. Follow the doctor's directions implicitly. 4. Never ask a sick person what he wants to eat. If he asks for anything that will not injure him get it if you can. Never bring him much at a time. A little bit in a dainty dish will sometimes tempt the appetite when a large quantity would cause nausea. 5. Expect sick persons to be unreasonable. They will fret and complain, no matter what happens, and must be borne with patiently.

**CHOCOLATE CARMELS.**—One cupful of sweet milk, two of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of good chocolate, grated; flavour with vanilla to suit the taste; boil for one and a quarter hours; cool on buttered tins.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE late King Victor Emmanuel left debts to the amount of no less than £700,000.

A VALUABLE herd of Highland cattle, belonging to the Earl of Lovelace, has been destroyed in his lordship's Park, Horsley Towers, Surrey, in consequence of their having eaten the cuttings of a large number of yew trees, which abound in the park.

**GOLD IN SAXONY.**—Gold has been found in small quantities in the neighbourhood of Glau-chau, in Saxony. It is embedded in quartz, and promises to repay working. At another place in Saxony, at Hohnstein, gold ore has for some time past been found in combination with arsenic, and gold is extracted from the ore to the value of about £2,500 a year.

**A GARDENER BIRD.**—Under the title of the "Gardener-Bird," the "Gardener's Chronicle" gives a description of a bird which is not only an expert architect, building a nest like the bower-bird of Australia, but also a gardener, laying out a garden in front of it. The bird is a native of New Guinea, and makes a nest of the stems of an orchid. On a lawn of moss in front he places day by day, for the deleation of his mate, flowers and fruits of bright and pleasing flavour.

A VERY beautiful statue in white marble, representing a woman larger than life, and in a perfect state of preservation, has been dug up at Djimilah (Algeria). This work of art, which it is said, will bear comparison with the best Greek sculptures, is believed to represent the Empress Julia Domna.

A COMMISSION appointed in Sweden and Norway to consider the question as to the best rifle for army purposes has reported in favour of the adoption of a rifle of novel construction, which is said to fire true at a distance of 1,500 metres, and to admit of 27 rounds being fired in the minute.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. T.—No charge is made.

B. T.—Picture-frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

MARtha.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, and always sweep like a new broom.

HUGH.—It is a general rule that all tea is fine in proportion to the tenderness and immaturity of its leaves. The poorest tea is made from the full-grown leaves.

H. W. B.—To rid your earphones of red ants keep one pint of far in two quarts of water in an earthen vessel in each of them, and you will not be troubled with little red ants. When first mixed pour the water on hot.

X. T. F.—Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, riddling distilled water by merely boiling a two-ounce phial in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurity will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

ELESA A.—A pleasant mouth disinfectant is made with hypermanganate of potassa and hyperoxydate of barium, of each twenty-four grains, to be rubbed up into a mass, with sugar and glycerine, and divided into 144 lozenges. Every ill-smelling mouth will become by their use perfectly odourless.

T. C.—To clean alpaca put the articles into a boiler half full of cold rain water; let it boil for three minutes. Have ready a bucket of water made very dark with indigo, wring the articles out of the boiling water and place in the indigo water: let remain half an hour, wring out and iron while damp.

A. J. N.—As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling always precedes the regular ache—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be, several times.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. Cinnamon in the inner bark of the cinnamon tree, stripped off and collected into bundles, fermented, slowly dried and rolled, the inferior ones being used for the distillation of oil of cinnamon. This tree is grown extensively in Ceylon, where the most valued kinds come from, others from China, South America, Java, &c. Medicinally cinnamon is used as an aromatic and astringent—the oil being employed in perfumery. 2. Guano is a valuable manure composed of the deposits of sea fowl, their decomposed bodies and eggs and remains of seals, found in great quantities upon the islands of the Pacific and the coasts of South America and Africa—the best qualities from the rainy islands off the coast of Peru, moisture having a tendency to decompose some of the most useful elements in other places. Guano was first imported into this country in 1840. 3. Indigo is a vegetable blue dye-stuff originally introduced into Europe from India, much esteemed on account of its beauty of colour and permanence. It is used as a medicine in epilepsy, hysteria, and such like affections. 4. Opium is the juice obtained by incision from the unripe capsules of a species of poppy grown in Turkey and other Eastern countries, dried and kneaded into cakes. Much abused as a stimulant and intoxicant, opium is yet a very valuable medicinal substance in procuring sleep, allaying pain, alleviating spasms, &c. 5. Brandy is made by the distillation of the wine of grapes, coloured with burnt sugar. 6. Gin is corn spirit flavoured with either oil of juniper or oil of turpentine. 7. Whiskey is distilled from barley, wheat, or maize. A few drops each of creosote and fusel oil added to two or three gallons of gin make a product very similar in flavour to whiskey. 8. Porter is made of different kinds of malt, to which are added hops, yeast, and water. Porter was once called "entire," but derived its present name from its consumption by porters and other labourers. 9. The letters "H. R. H." mean His (or Her) Royal Highness. 10. Sunburn is frequently removable by applications of lemon juice and milk. 11. There is a party in the community whose members call themselves Radical, and whose object seems to be the overthrow of everything which they dislike, but we cannot attempt a detailed definition of their principles, if they have any. 12. The word limited applied to a company indicates that each of the shareholders is liable for possible debt only to the amount of shares held by him. Do not ask so many questions another time.

JEANETTE, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five, and dark.

LIZZIE AND KATE, two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Lizzie is eighteen, tall, fair, light blue eyes, fond of home and dancing. Kate is nineteen, dark, brown hair and eyes, and very fond of music.

SHATOR, thirty-five, dark, would like to correspond with a man about the same age with a view to matrimony.

TRUE BLUE, a pensioner from the Royal Navy, thirty-nine, wishes to correspond with a lady between twenty and thirty.

LITTLE PRIMROSE AND QUEENIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Little Primrose is sixteen. Queenie is sixteen, fair, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty, good-looking.

B. G. AND M. P., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men about twenty-four. B. G. is twenty-two, M. P. is twenty, brown hair.

FORGOTTEN-ME-NOT, eighteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty with a view to matrimony. Must be fond of home and loving.

J. C. S., twenty, tall, dark, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark hair (curly) and eyes.

BONA FIDE, thirty-one, wishes to correspond with a farmer's daughter.

## GARDEN FANCIES.

I LIKEN my summer garden,  
That blossoms so sweet in June,  
To the hours of a happy lifetime,  
With temper and heart in tune,  
With all pleasant things remembered,  
And all pain forgotten soon.

The rose is my queen of mourning,  
That reigns o'er her sister fair,  
The bluebells ring out glad welcome  
To all things that banish care;  
While the pale and modest lilies  
My beautiful twilights are.

Fair twilights, so calm and holy,  
That wind up the tangled day—  
That put from the mind distracted  
All worldly thoughts away;  
The border that parts the sunlight  
From the evening's milky way.

The poppies that nod and languish  
I liken to starry night—  
To the richful hours of slumber,  
When the angels take their flight  
From Heaven, to guard poor mortals  
And touch their dreams with light.

The pinks, with their spicy perfumes,  
And the delicate mimosa,  
Are the hours I give to my children  
Just after the sun has set;  
Sweet hours of loving converse  
That we shall not soon forget.

Heart's-ease, with its tender flowers,  
That grow in the brightest spot,  
With the snowy orange-blossom  
And the blue forget-me-not,  
I liken to years of friendship  
That have blessed my happy lot.

The dahlias, that blossom later,  
And put on such stately airs,  
Are to me like "company evenings,"  
When fashion comes forth in pairs,  
And I turn from their scentless beauty  
With joy to my daily cares.

There are weeds in my summer garden,  
And these are the minutes spent  
In idleness, sin, or folly,  
Dark envy or discontent;  
Heaven help us to prize the minutes  
Of gold that are Heaven-sent.

M. A. K.

KATE AND NELL, two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Kate is nineteen, fair, blue eyes. Nell is seventeen, medium height, fair, dark eyes.

DAVID AND MASTER, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. David is twenty-four, fair, light hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition. Master is twenty-three, curly hair, blue eyes.

LILY, KITTY, AND NELLIE, three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen. Lily is eighteen, dark hair, blue eyes. Kitty is seventeen, golden hair, blue eyes, good-looking, of a loving disposition. Nellie is sixteen, brown hair, hazel eyes, and of a loving disposition.

P. D., nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a sailor in the Royal Navy about twenty-two.

G. K. AND D. D., two friends, wish to correspond with two ladies. G. K. is twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, good-looking, fond of home and children. D. D. is twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, fair.

D. J. N. would like to correspond with a young lady. Respondent must be thoroughly domesticated, fond of home and children.

W. D. C. AND M. E., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. D. C. is handsome, fair, tall. M. E. is fair, good-looking. Must be about twenty, medium height.

BETTY, twenty-one, fair, dark hair and eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young man about the same age.

B. P., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, dark, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony, about nineteen, fond of home.

MARY AND EDITH, two friends, wish to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Maud is eighteen, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Ethel is eighteen, dark hair and eyes. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-four.

C. W. L., D. E., AND M. F. L., AND PORT SIDE, four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies. C. W. L. is twenty-two, light brown hair, blue eyes. D. E. is twenty-one, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of children. M. F. L. twenty-three, dark curly hair, blue eyes, fond of music and dancing. Port Side is twenty-one, auburn hair, grey eyes, and fond of music.

G. S. AND E. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two ladies. G. S. is twenty-two, tall, hazel eyes, fond of home. E. L. is twenty-four, medium height, dark eyes, good-looking.

CLARA AND ELIZA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Clara is eighteen, tall, hazel eyes, good-looking. Eliza is seventeen, tall, fair, blue eyes, fond of music, good-looking, and of a loving disposition.

J. W. S., twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-five, dark, and loving.

A. B. L., nineteen, tall, of a loving disposition, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

T. C. AND NETTIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. T. C. is twenty, medium height, fair, light brown hair, blue eyes, loving, fond of home. Nettie is twenty-one, fair, dark brown hair, blue eyes, tall, fond of home and children, good-looking. Respondents must be fond of home, of loving dispositions, tall, dark.

MARY, eighteen, tall, fair, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy with a view to matrimony.

M. B., S. A. S., AND L. H., would like to correspond with three young gentlemen. M. B. is twenty, medium height, fond of home and children. S. A. S. is nineteen, medium height, dark, of a loving disposition. L. H. is twenty, good-tempered, fond of dancing and music, fair. Respondents must be about nineteen, medium height, fair.

G. D. C., twenty-one, loving, light hair, blue eyes, tall, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty-two, fond of home.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

POOR ALICE is responded to by—Pattie, tall, loving, fair.

EDWARD B. by—Louisa, thirty, medium height, and fair.

L. S. D. by—Susan, good-looking.

T. B. by—E. M. A. S., eighteen, fair, light brown hair, hazel eyes.

MILLY by—Harry L., twenty, tall, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.

VIOLET by—Fred W., nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of music.

SUSAN by—Edward, twenty-one, tall, fair, and good-looking.

EDITH by—Snow Squall, twenty-two, handsome, dark, tall.

JAMES K. by—Emily.

AMY by—W. R.

G. O. by—Bessie, eighteen.

W. C. by—Maggie, twenty-four, dark, tall.

TIN DISE by—Annie, seventeen, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.

BLACK HAT by—Polly, of a loving disposition, hazel eyes.

J. T. P. by—Ethel, medium height, blue eyes, and loving.

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